



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### **Usage guidelines**

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### **About Google Book Search**

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

SWINTON'S  
SUPPLEMENTARY READER

UC-NRLF



\$B 307 844

SEVEN  
BRITISH  
CLASSIC

SUPPLEMENTARY  
TO  
FIFTH READER

NEW YORK  
WILSON, BLAKEMAN, TAYLOR & CO.  
& CHICAGO

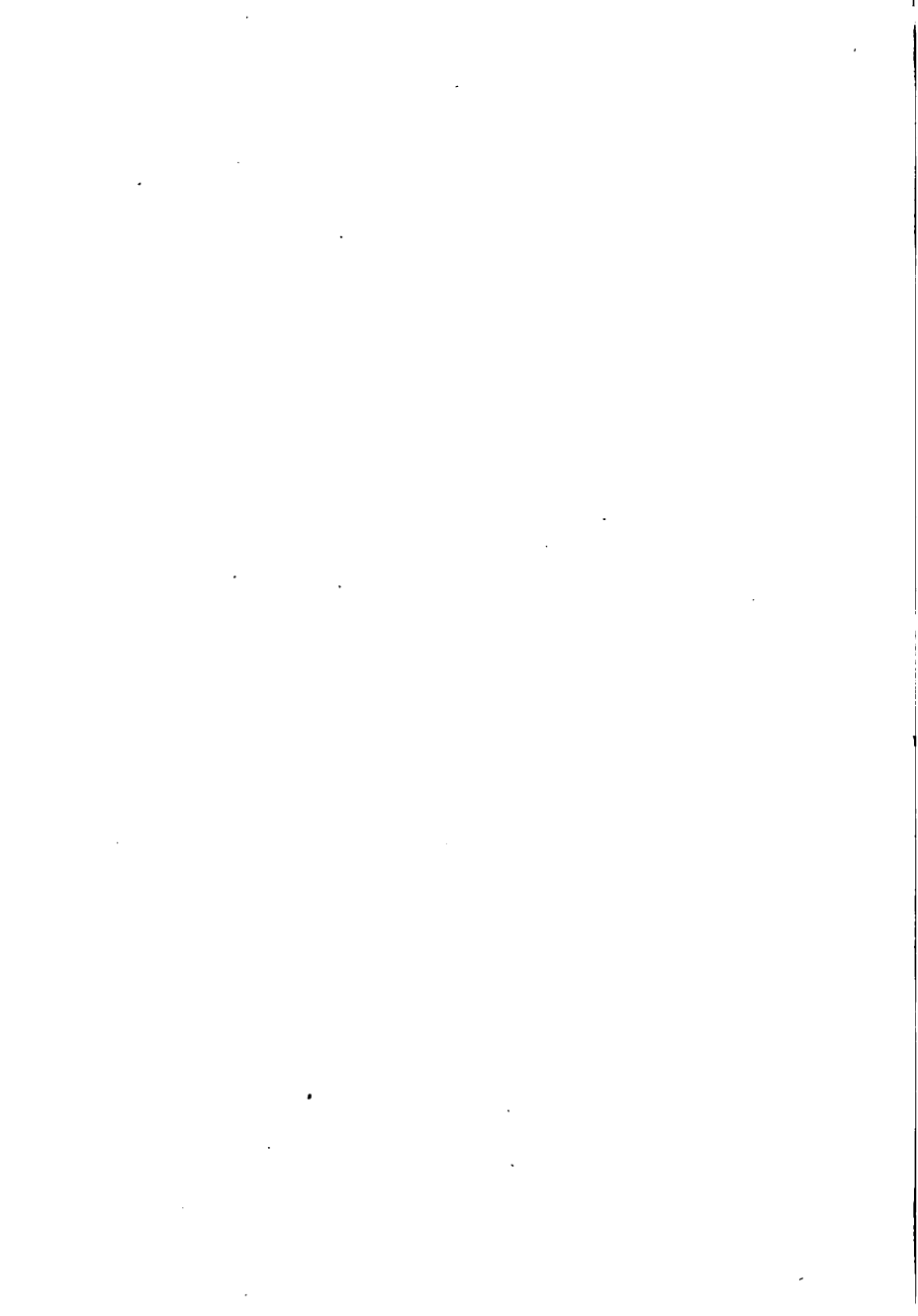


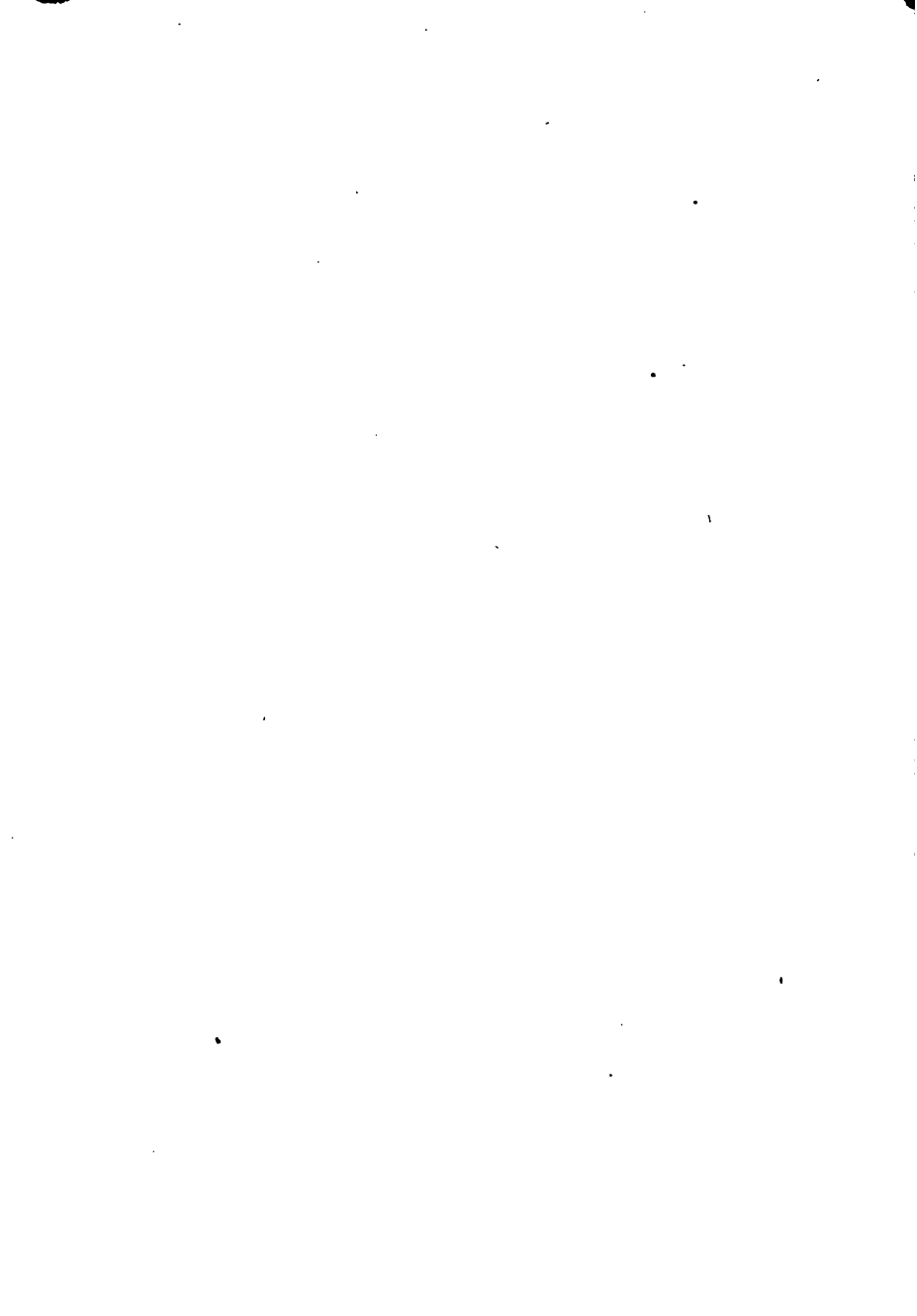
EDUCATION DEPT.

894  
5979  
S

v.6









Swinton's Supplementary Readers

---

SEVEN  
BRITISH CLASSICS

ADDISON  
SCOTT  
LAMB  
CAMPBELL  
MACAULAY  
TENNYSON  
THACKERAY

UNIVERSITY OF  
SUPPLEMENTARY TO FIFTH READER

*EDITED BY*

WILLIAM SWINTON

AUTHOR OF WORD-BOOK, GEOGRAPHICAL AND LANGUAGE SERIES, ETC.

AND

GEORGE R. CATHCART

AUTHOR OF LITERARY READER, ETC.

COPYRIGHT 1880 BY

IVISON, BLAKEMAN, TAYLOR, AND COMPANY  
NEW YORK AND CHICAGO



## SWINTON'S SUPPLEMENTARY READERS.

THE SUPPLEMENTARY READERS form a series of carefully graduated reading-books, designed to connect with any of the regular series of five or six Readers. These books, which are closely co-ordinated with the several Readers of the regular series, are : —

I. **Easy Steps for Little Feet:** Supplementary to First Reader. — *In this book the attractive is the chief aim, and the pieces have been written and chosen with special reference to the feelings and fancies of early childhood.*

II. **Golden Book of Choice Reading:** Supplementary to Second Reader. — *This book presents a great variety of pleasing and instructive reading, consisting of child-lore and poetry, noble examples, and attractive object-readings.*

III. **Book of Tales; being School Readings Imaginative and Emotional:** Supplementary to Third Reader. — *In this book the youthful taste for the imaginative and emotional is fed with pure and noble creations drawn from the literature of all nations.*

IV. **Readings in Nature's Book:** Supplementary to Fourth Reader. — *This book contains a varied collection of charming readings in natural history and botany, drawn from the works of the great modern naturalists and travelers.*

V. **Seven American Classics.**

VI. **Seven British Classics.**

*The "Classics" are suitable for reading in advanced grammar grades, and aim to instill a taste for the higher literature, by the presentation of gems of British and American authorship.*

EDUCATION DEPT,

## PREFACE.

---

IN the series of Supplementary Readers, the plan of which is given on the opposite page, the "Seven British Classics" is designed, in connection with the "Seven American Classics," to supply a superior kind of reading for use in the advanced classes of grammar-schools.

It is not needful to discuss the import of the term *classic* in connection with the writers from whom these selections are drawn; but it may be remarked that the word is here used in a somewhat free sense. Time is the consecration of a classic; and, while in the case of Addison and Lamb there can be no question as to the legitimacy of the epithet, it may be deemed too early yet to apply it to men of our own generation,—to men who like Macaulay and Thackeray have but lately passed away, or to Tennyson who wears the laurel on a living brow. We can only say of the authors here represented, either that they are already classics in the strict sense, or that their works hold, embalmed and treasured up, that ethereal and fifth essence which gives assurance that the world will not willingly let them die.

It is sincerely hoped that this taste of standard literature may tend in some degree to counteract the effect of the scrappy incoherence of the matter which children are generally condemned to read in school. It is unfortunate that the technical conditions which school-readers must fulfill are such as to

exclude, especially in the lower books, the best writers ; but it seems that even in the higher books, — such as are in the hands of pupils from fifteen to seventeen years of age, — compilers are too prone to sacrifice the seasoned timber of literature for the merely “popular” pieces of the fashionable writers of the day. The literary firmament is never without its holiday fireworks, — its brilliant coruscations that often outshine the heavenly lights for a moment. But the rockets and “brief candles” go out, leaving the stars in their serene and sempiternal beauty.

The seven masters here represented are Addison, Scott, Lamb, Campbell, Macaulay, Tennyson, and Thackeray ; and it is hoped that, so far as space permitted, they are adequately represented. Complete pieces have been given save in the few instances of selections from elaborate works, and even in these it may fairly be claimed that the selections are in themselves “entire and perfect chrysolites.” To present complete pieces of literary workmanship, was indeed the prime object of the book, for extracts are at best what Bacon calls “flashy things.” The “Seven American Classics” has been made on the same plan, and the two little volumes can hardly fail to beget some appetite for what is purest and best in the literature of our language.

---

WEBSTERIAN MARKS USED IN THIS BOOK. — *ā, ē, ī, ō, ū, ŷ*, long; *ä, ě, ĩ, ŏ, ů, ŷ*, short; *ŕ* as in *tĕrm*; *ŕ* as in *fĭrm*; *ŏŏ* as in *fŏŏd*; *ŏŏ* as in *fŏŏt*; *ŕ* as *s*; *c*, *ch*, as *k*; *ĝ* as *j*; *ĝ* as in *ĝet*; *ŕ* as in *lĭnger*; *z* as *z*; *x* as *gx*.



**I. JOSEPH ADDISON.**

THE VISION OF MIRZA . . . . .	1
PEDANTRY . . . . .	7
THE LOVES OF HILPA . . . . .	10
SEQUEL OF THE STORY OF SHALUM AND HILPA . . . . .	13
CATO ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL . . . . .	17
THE SPACIOUS FIRMAMENT . . . . .	18

**II. SIR WALTER SCOTT.**

A PICTURE OF ANGLO-NORMAN DAYS . . . . .	19
THE LADY OF THE LAKE . . . . .	33
KING RICHARD, THE NUBIAN, AND THE ASSASSIN . . . . .	53
YOUNG LOCHINVAR . . . . .	63
SONG OF THE HEBREW MAID . . . . .	65

**III. CHARLES LAMB.**

HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK . . . . .	67
DREAM-CHILDREN: A REVERY . . . . .	88
MODERN GALLANTRY . . . . .	94

**IV. THOMAS CAMPBELL.**

'TIS DISTANCE LENDS ENCHANTMENT . . . . .	100
UNFADING HOPE . . . . .	101
THE EXILE OF ERIN . . . . .	103
HOHENLINDEN . . . . .	105
LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER . . . . .	107
LOCHIEL'S WARNING . . . . .	109
THE LAST MAN . . . . .	113
YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND . . . . .	116
THE SOLDIER'S DREAM . . . . .	117
THE DOWNFALL OF POLAND . . . . .	118

<b>V. LORD MACAULAY.</b>	
THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY . . . . .	121
HORATIUS . . . . .	129
IMPEACHMENT OF WARREN HASTINGS . . . . .	139
INFLUENCE OF ATHENS . . . . .	147
<b>VI. ALFRED TENNYSON.</b>	
ENOCH ARDEN . . . . .	150
<b>VII. WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.</b>	
COL. NEWCOME IN THE CAVE OF HARMONY . . . . .	182
CHARITY AND HUMOR . . . . .	190
NIL NISI BONUM . . . . .	207



# SEVEN BRITISH CLASSICS.

UNIV. OF  
CALIFORNIA

JOSEPH ADDISON.

1672-1719.

## THE VISION OF MIRZA.

*air'ing*, taking the air.  
*cim'e-ters*, short curved swords.  
*con-fused'*, mingled.  
*con-sum-mā'tion*, close.  
*de-vo'tions*, prayers.  
*en-ter-tained'* (with), treated (to).  
*fa-mil'iar-ized*, accustomed.

*hab'it*, dress.  
*hob'bling*, limping.  
*pro-dig'ious* (-*did'jus*), very large.  
*ref'ish*, liking, appetite.  
*spent*, exhausted.  
*so-li'o-quey*, a talking to one's self.  
*taste*, to enjoy, to relish.

ON the fifth day of the moon, which according to the custom of my forefathers I always kept holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bagdad, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and, passing from one thought to another, "Surely," said I, "man is but a shadow, and life a dream."

Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eyes towards the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a little musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon

him, he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceeding sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from any thing I had ever heard. They put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in Paradise, to wear out the impressions of the last agonies, and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted away in secret raptures.

I had been often told that the rock before me was the haunt of a Genius, and that several had been entertained with music who had passed by it; but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts, by those transporting airs which he played, to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and by the waving of his hand directed me to approach the place where he sat.

I drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior nature; and, as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The Genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and, taking me by the hand, "Mirza," said he, "I have heard thee in thy soliloquies: follow me."

He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and placing me on the top of it, "Cast thy eyes eastward," said he, "and tell me what thou seest."

"I see," said I, "a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it."

"The valley that thou seest," said he, "is the Vale of Misery, and the tide of water that thou seest is part of the great tide of eternity."

"What is the reason," said I, "that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other?"

"What thou seest," said he, "is that portion of eternity which is called time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation."

"Examine now," said he, "this sea that is thus bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it."

"I see a bridge," said I, "standing in the midst of the tide."

"That bridge thou seest," said he, "is human life: consider it attentively."

Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of three-score and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which, added to those that were entire, made up the number about an hundred. As I was counting the arches, the Genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches; but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it.

"But tell me further," said he, "what thou discoverest on it."

"I see multitudes of people passing over it," said I, "and a black cloud hanging on each end of it."

As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the



passengers dropping through the bridge into the great tide that flowed underneath it ; and, upon further examination, perceived there were innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon but they fell through them into the tide, and immediately disappeared. These hidden pitfalls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the end of the arches that were entire.

There were indeed some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.

I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at every thing that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking up towards the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and, in the midst of a speculation, stumbled and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles that glittered in their eyes and danced before them ; but often, when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed, and down they sunk.

In this confusion of objects, I observed some with cimeters in their hands, and others with pill-boxes, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons on trap-doors which did not seem to lie in their

way, and which they might have escaped, had they not been thus forced upon them.

The Genius, seeing me indulge myself in this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it. "Take thine eyes off the bridge," said he, "and tell me if thou yet seest any thing thou dost not comprehend."

Upon looking up, "What mean," said I, "those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and among many other feathered creatures several little winged boys that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches."

"These," said the Genius, "are Envy, Avarice, Superstition, Despair, Love, with the like cares and passions that infest human life."

I here fetched a deep sigh. "Alas," said I, "man was made in vain! How is he given away to misery and mortality—tortured in life, and swallowed up in death!"

The Genius, being moved with compassion towards me, bid me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. "Look no more," said he, "on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity; but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it."

I directed my sight as I was ordered, and (whether or no the good Genius strengthened it with a supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate) I saw the valley opening at the further end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean that had a huge rock of adamant running

through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one half of it inso-much that I could discover nothing in it ; but the other appeared to me a vast ocean planted with innumerable islands that were covered with fruits and flowers and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of the fountains, or resting on beds of flowers ; and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to those happy seats ; but the Genius told me that there was no passage to them, except through the gates of death that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge.

“The islands,” said he, “that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the sea-shore. There are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching further than thine eye or even thine imagination can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who, according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them. Every island is a Paradise accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirza, habitations worth contending for?

Does life appear miserable, that gives the opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain, who has such an eternity reserved for him!"

I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands. At length said I, "Show me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds which cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant." The Genius making me no answer, I turned about to address him a second time, but I found that he had left me. I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating; but, instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long hollow valley of Bagdad, with oxen, sheep, and camels grazing upon the sides of it.

---

#### PEDANTRY.

*bar*, prohibit.

*cat'a-logue* (*kat'a-log*), a list.

*col-lu'tor*, one who compares.

*dint*, force.

*ga-zette*', an official newspaper.

*in-sip'id*, flat, dull.

*om'bre*, a game of cards.

*par'ti-cle* (*par'ti-kl*), a preposition  
or conjunction.

*parts*, talents.

*pret'ty* (*pril'ty*), affectedly nice.

*qual'i-ty*, the nobility.

*reign'ing*, in fashion.

*state*, political.

A MAN who has been brought up among books, and is able to talk of nothing else, is a very indifferent companion, and what we call a pedant. But, methinks, we should enlarge the title, and give it to every one that does not know how to think out of his profession and particular way of life.

What is a greater pedant than a mere man of the town? Bar him the playhouses, or a catalogue of the reigning beauties, and you strike him dumb. How many a pretty gentleman's knowledge lies all within the verge of the Court! He will tell you the names of the principal favorites, repeat the shrewd sayings of a man of quality, whisper some scandal; or, if the sphere of his observations is a little larger than ordinary, will perhaps enter into all the incidents, turns, and revolutions in a game of ombre. When he has gone thus far, he has shown you the whole circle of his accomplishments, his parts are drained, and he is disabled from any further conversation. What are these but rank pedants? And yet these are the men who value themselves most on their exemption from the pedantry of colleges.

I might here mention the military pedant, who always talks in a camp, and is storming towns, making lodgements, and fighting battles, from one end of the year to the other. Every thing he speaks smells of gunpowder: if you take away his artillery from him, he has not a word to say for himself.

I might likewise mention the law pedant, that is perpetually putting cases, repeating the transactions of Westminster Hall, wrangling with you upon the most indifferent circumstances of life, and not to be convinced of the distance of a place, or of the most trivial point in conversation, but by dint of argument.

The state pedant is wrapt up in news, and lost in politics. If you mention either of the kings of Spain or Poland, he talks very notably; but if you go out of the gazette, you drop him. In short, a mere courtier, a mere soldier, a mere scholar, a mere any thing, is an insipid pedantic character, and equally ridiculous.

Of all the species of pedants which I have mentioned, the book pedant is much the most supportable. He has, at least, an exercised understanding, and a head which is full, though confused : so that a man who converses with him may often receive from him hints of things that are worth knowing, and what he may possibly turn to his own advantage, though they are of little use to the owner. The worst kind of pedants among learned men are such as are naturally endued with a very small share of common sense, and have read a great number of books without taste or distinction.

The truth of it is, learning, like traveling, and all other methods of improvement, as it furnishes good sense, so it makes a silly man ten thousand times more insufferable, by supplying variety of matter to his impertinence, and giving him an opportunity of abounding in absurdities.

Shallow pedants cry up one another much more than men of solid and useful learning. To read the titles they give an editor, or collator of a manuscript, you would take him for the glory of the commonwealth of letters and the wonder of his age, when perhaps upon examination you would find that he has only rectified a Greek particle, or laid out a whole sentence in proper commas.

They are obliged, indeed, to be thus lavish of their praises, that they may keep one another in countenance, and it is no wonder if a great deal of knowledge which is not capable of making a man wise has a natural tendency to make him vain and arrogant.

## THE LOVES OF HILPA.

*an-te-dī-lū'vi-an*, before the deluge. | *reck'oned*, accounted, thought.  
*billet-doux* (*be-yā-doo*), a love-letter. | *tufts*, clumps.

HILPA was one of the hundred and fifty daughters of Zilpah, of the race of Cohu, by whom some of the learned think is meant Cain. She was exceedingly beautiful, and when she was but a girl of threescore and ten years of age, received the addresses of several who made love to her. Among these were two brothers, Harpath and Shalum. Harpath, being the first-born, was master of that fruitful region which lies at the foot of Mount Tirzah, in the southern parts of China. Shalum (which is to say, the planter, in the Chinese language) possessed all the neighboring hills, and that great range of mountains which goes under the name of Tirzah. Harpath was of a haughty, contemptuous spirit; Shalum was of a gentle disposition, beloved both by God and man.

It is said, that, among the antediluvian women, the daughters of Cohu had their minds wholly set upon riches; for which reason the beautiful Hilpa preferred Harpath to Shalum, because of his numerous flocks and herds that covered all the low country which runs along the foot of Mount Tirzah, and is watered by several fountains and streams breaking out of the sides of that mountain.

Harpath made so quick a dispatch of his courtship, that he married Hilpa in the hundredth year of her age; and, being of an insolent temper, laughed to scorn his

brother Shalum for having pretended to the beautiful Hilpa, when he was master of nothing but a long chain of rocks and mountains. This so much provoked Shalum, that he is said to have cursed his brother in the bitterness of his heart, and to have prayed that one of his mountains might fall upon his head if ever he came within the shadow of it.

From this time forward Harpath would never venture out of the valleys ; but came to an untimely end in the two hundred and fiftieth year of his age, being drowned in a river as he attempted to cross it. This river is called to this day, from his name who perished in it, the river Harpath, and, what is very remarkable, issues out of one of those mountains which Shalum wished might fall upon his brother, when he cursed him in the bitterness of his heart.

Hilpa was in the one hundred and sixtieth year of her age at the death of her husband, having brought him but fifty children before he was snatched away, as has been already related. Many of the antediluvians made love to the young widow, though no one was thought so likely to succeed in her affections as her first lover Shalum, who renewed his court to her about ten years after the death of Harpath ; for it was not thought decent in those days that a widow should be seen by a man within ten years after the decease of her husband.

Shalum falling into a deep melancholy, and resolving to take away that objection which had been raised against him when he made his first addresses to Hilpa, began, immediately after her marriage with Harpath, to plant all that mountainous region which fell to his lot



in the division of this country. He knew how to adapt every plant to its proper soil, and is thought to have inherited many traditional secrets of that art from the first man. This employment turned at length to his profit as well as his amusement. His mountains were in a few years shaded with young trees, that gradually shot up into groves, woods, and forests, intermixed with walks and lawns and gardens; insomuch that the whole region, from a naked and desolate prospect, began now to look like a second paradise. The pleasantness of the place, and the agreeable disposition of Shalum, who was reckoned one of the mildest and wisest of all who lived before the flood, drew into it multitudes of people, who were perpetually employed in the sinking of wells, the digging of trenches, and the hollowing of trees, for the better distribution of water through every part of this spacious plantation.

The habitations of Shalum looked every year more beautiful in the eyes of Hilpa, who, after the space of seventy autumns, was wonderfully pleased with the distant prospect of Shalum's hills, which were then covered with innumerable tufts of trees, and gloomy scenes that gave a magnificence to the place, and converted it into one of the finest landscapes the eye of man could behold.

The Chinese record a letter which Shalum is said to have written to Hilpa in the eleventh year of her widowhood. I shall here translate it, without departing from that noble simplicity of sentiments and plainness of manners which appears in the original.

Shalum was at this time a hundred and eighty years old, and Hilpa a hundred and seventy.

SHALUM, MASTER OF MOUNT TIRZAH, TO HILPAH, MISTRESS OF THE VALLEYS, IN THE 788<sup>TH</sup> YEAR OF THE CREATION.

What have I not suffered, O thou daughter of Zilpah, since thou gavest thyself away in marriage to my rival? I grew weary of the light of the sun, and have been ever since covering myself with woods and forests. These threescore and ten years have I bewailed the loss of thee on the top of Mount Tirzah, and soothed my melancholy among a thousand gloomy shades of my own raising. My dwellings are at present as the garden of God; every part of them is filled with fruits and flowers and fountains. The whole mountain is perfumed for thy reception. Come up into it, O my beloved. Remember, O thou daughter of Zilpah, that the age of man is but a thousand years; that beauty is but the admiration of a few centuries. It flourishes as a mountain oak, or as a cedar on the top of Tirzah, which in three or four hundred years will fade away, and never be thought of by posterity, unless a young wood springs from its roots. Think well on this, and remember thy neighbor in the mountains.

Having here inserted this letter, which I look upon as the only antediluvian *billet-doux* now extant, I shall in my next paper give the answer to it, and the sequel of this story.



#### SEQUEL OF THE STORY OF SHALUM AND HILPA.

*en-am'ored*, greatly charmed.  
*en-tic'ing*, tempting, coaxing.

| *o'ver-tûres*, proposals.  
| *tuns*, large casks.

THE letter inserted in my last had so good an effect upon Hilpa, that she answered it in less than a twelvemonth, after the following manner.

HILPA, MISTRESS OF THE VALLEYS, TO SHALUM, MASTER OF MOUNT TIRZAH, IN THE YEAR 789 OF THE CREATION.

What have I to do with thee, O Shalum? Thou praisest Hilpa's beauty, but art thou not secretly enamored with the verdure of her meadows? Art thou not more affected with the prospect of her green valleys, than thou wouldest be with the sight of her person? The lowings of my herds, and the bleatings of my flocks, make a pleasant echo in thy mountains, and sound sweetly in thy ears. What though I am delighted with the wavings of thy forests, and those breezes of perfumes which flow from the top of Tirzah: are these like the riches of the valley?

I know thee, O Shalum; thou art more wise and happy than any of the sons of men. Thy dwellings are among the cedars; thou searchest out the diversity of soils, thou understandest the influences of the stars, and markest the change of seasons. Can a woman appear lovely in the eyes of such a one? Disquiet me not, O Shalum; let me alone that I may enjoy those goodly possessions which are fallen to my lot. Win me not by thy enticing words. May thy trees increase and multiply; mayest thou add wood to wood, and shade to shade; but tempt not Hilpa to destroy thy solitude, and make thy retirement populous.

The Chinese say, that a little time afterwards she accepted of a treat in one of the neighboring hills, to which Shalum had invited her. This treat lasted for two years, and is said to have cost Shalum five hundred antelopes, two thousand ostriches, and a thousand tuns of milk; but what most of all recommended it was that variety of delicious fruits and pot-herbs, in which no person then living could any way equal Shalum.

He treated her in the bower which he had planted amidst the wood of nightingales. This wood was made

up of such fruit-trees and plants as are most agreeable to the several kinds of singing birds; so that it had drawn into it all the music of the country, and was filled from one end of the year to the other with the most agreeable concert in season.

He showed her every day some beautiful and surprising scene in this new region of wood-lands; and as by this means he had all the opportunities he could wish for of opening his mind to her, he succeeded so well, that upon her departure she made him a kind of promise, and gave him her word to return him a positive answer in less than fifty years.

She had not been long among her own people in the valleys, when she received new overtures, and at the same time a most splendid visit from Mishpach, who was a mighty man of old, and had built a great city, which he called after his own name. Every house was made for at least a thousand years, nay, there were some that were leased out for three lives; so that the quantity of stone and timber consumed in this building is scarce to be imagined by those who live in the present age of the world.

This great man entertained her with the voice of musical instruments which had been lately invented, and danced before her to the sound of the timbrel. He also presented her with several domestic utensils wrought in brass and iron, which had been newly found out for the conveniency of life.

In the mean time Shalum grew very uneasy with himself, and was sorely displeased at Hilpa for the reception which she had given to Mishpach, insomuch that he never wrote to her or spoke of her during a whole

revolution of Saturn ; but, finding that this intercourse went no further than a visit, he again renewed his addresses to her, who, during his long silence, is said very often to have cast a wishing eye upon Mount Tirzah.

Her mind continued wavering about twenty years longer between Shalum and Mishpach ; for, though her inclinations favored the former, her interest pleaded very powerfully for the other. While her heart was in this unsettled condition, the following accident happened, which determined her choice.

A high tower of wood that stood in the city of Mishpach, having caught fire by a flash of lightning, in a few days reduced the whole town to ashes. Mishpach resolved to rebuild the place, whatever it should cost him ; and, having already destroyed all the timber of the country, he was forced to have recourse to Shalum, whose forests were now two hundred years old. He purchased these woods with so many herds of cattle and flocks of sheep, and with such a vast extent of fields and pastures, that Shalum was now grown more wealthy than Mishpach ; and therefore appeared so charming in the eyes of Zilpah's daughter that she no longer refused him in marriage. On the day in which he brought her up into the mountains he raised a most prodigious pile of cedar, and of every sweet-smelling wood, which reached above three hundred cubits in height. He also cast into the pile bundles of myrrh and sheaves of spikenard, enriching it with every spicy shrub, and making it fat with the gums of his plantations.

This was the burnt-offering which Shalum offered in the day of his espousals. The smoke of it ascended up to heaven, and filled the whole country with incense and perfume.

## CATO ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

IT must be so — Plato, thou reasonest well !  
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,  
This longing after immortality ?  
Or whence this secret dread and inward horror  
Of falling into naught ? Why shrinks the soul  
Back on herself, and startles at destruction ? —  
'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us ;  
'Tis Heaven itself, that points out an hereafter,  
And intimates eternity to man.  
Eternity ! — thou pleasing, dreadful thought !  
Through what variety of untried being,  
Through what new scenes and changes, must we pass !  
The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before me,  
But shadows, clouds, and darkness, rest upon it.  
Here will I hold. If there's a Power above us, —  
And that there is, all nature cries aloud  
Through all her works, — he must delight in virtue ;  
And that which he delights in must be happy.  
But when ? or where ? This world was made for Cæsar.  
I'm weary of conjectures — this must end them.

*(Laying his hand on his sword.)*

Thus I am doubly armed. My death and life,  
My bane and antidote, are both before me.  
This in a moment brings me to an end ;  
But this informs me I shall never die !  
The soul, secured in her existence, smiles  
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.  
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself

Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years ;  
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,  
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,  
The wreck of matter and the crush of worlds !

#### THE SPACIOUS FIRMAMENT.

THE spacious firmament on high,  
With all the blue ethereal sky,  
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,  
Their great Original proclaim.  
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,  
Does his Creator's power display,  
And publishes to every land  
The work of an almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,  
And nightly to the listening earth,  
Repeats the story of her birth.  
And all the stars that round her burn,  
And all the planets in their turn,  
Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all  
Move round this dark terrestrial ball ;  
What though no real voice nor sound,  
Among their radiant orbs be found ;  
In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
And utter forth a glorious voice,  
For ever singing as they shine,  
" The hand that made us is divine."

## SIR WALTER SCOTT.

1771-1832.

A PICTURE OF ANGLO-NORMAN DAYS.<sup>1</sup>

## FIRST READING.

*an-tip'a-ty*, aversion, dislike.  
*di'a-lect*, form of speech.  
*e-lū'tion*, pride of success.  
*em'ū-lā-ted*, imitated.  
*en-hance'*, increase.  
*e-vent'*, result, issue.  
*ex-or'bi-tant* (*egz-*), excessive.  
*ex'tir-pā-ted*, rooted out, destroyed.  
*feud'al* (*fūd'al*), pertaining to so-  
 ciety in the Middle Ages.

*im-pend'ing*, approaching.  
*in-ve'ter-ate*, deep-rooted.  
*li'cense*, lawless authority.  
*nour'ish-ing* (*nūr-*), cherishing.  
*pre-cā'ri-ous*, uncertain, doubtful.  
*pre-di-lec'tion*, partiality.  
*pre-mise'*, to set forth beforehand.  
*seats*, estates, residences.  
*vas'sal age*, state of servitude.  
*yore*, times gone by.

Thus communed these; while to their lowly dome  
 The full-fed swine returned with evening home;  
 Compelled, reluctant, to the several sties,  
 With din obstreperous, and ungrateful cries.

POPE'S *Olysey*.

IN that pleasant district of merry England which is watered by the river Don, there extended in ancient times a large forest, covering the greater part of the beautiful hills and valleys which lie between Sheffield and the pleasant town of Doncaster. The remains of this extensive wood are still to be seen at the noble seats of Wentworth, of Wharncliffe Park, and around Rotherham. Here haunted of yore the fabulous Dragon of Wantley; here were fought many of the most desperate battles during the Civil Wars of the Roses; and

<sup>1</sup> From *Ivanhoe*, Chap. I.



here also flourished in ancient times those bands of gallant outlaws, whose deeds have been rendered so popular in English song.

Such being our chief scene, the date of our story refers to a period towards the end of the reign of Richard the First, when his return from his long captivity had become an event rather wished than hoped for by his despairing subjects, who were in the mean time subjected to every species of subordinate oppression.

The nobles, whose power had become exorbitant during the reign of Stephen, and whom the prudence of Henry the Second had scarcely reduced into some degree of subjection to the Crown, had now resumed their ancient license in its utmost extent; despising the feeble interference of the English Council of State, fortifying their castles, increasing the number of their dependants, reducing all around them to a state of vassalage, and striving by every means in their power to place themselves each at the head of such forces as might enable him to make a figure in the national convulsions which appeared to be impending.

The situation of the inferior gentry, or franklins as they were called, who, by the law and spirit of the English constitution, were entitled to hold themselves independent of feudal tyranny, became now unusually precarious. If, as was most generally the case, they placed themselves under the protection of any of the petty kings in their vicinity, accepted of feudal offices in his household, or bound themselves, by mutual treaties of alliance and protection, to support him in his enterprises, they might indeed purchase temporary repose;

but it must be with the sacrifice of that independence which was so dear to every English bosom, and at the certain hazard of being involved as a party in whatever rash expedition the ambition of their protector might lead him to undertake.

On the other hand, such and so multiplied were the means of vexation and oppression possessed by the great barons, that they never wanted the pretext, and seldom the will, to harass and pursue, even to the very edge of destruction, any of their less powerful neighbors, who attempted to separate themselves from their authority, and to trust for their protection, during the dangers of the times, to their own inoffensive conduct, and to the laws of the land.

A circumstance which greatly tended to enhance the tyranny of the nobility, and the sufferings of the inferior classes, arose from the consequences of the Norman conquest by Duke William of Normandy. Four generations had not sufficed to blend the hostile blood of the Normans and Anglo-Saxons, or to unite, by common language and mutual interests, two hostile races, one of which still felt the elation of triumph, while the other groaned under all the consequences of defeat. The power had been completely placed in the hands of the Norman nobility, by the event of the battle of Hastings, and it had been used, as our histories assure us, with no moderate hand.

The whole race of Saxon princes and nobles had been extirpated or disinherited, with few or no exceptions; nor were the numbers great who possessed land in the country of their fathers, even as proprietors of the second, or of yet inferior classes. The royal policy had

long been to weaken, by every means, legal or illegal, the strength of a part of the population which was justly considered as nourishing the most inveterate antipathy to their victor. All the monarchs of the Norman race had shown the most marked predilection for their Norman subjects; the laws of the chase, and many others equally unknown to the milder and more free spirit of the Saxon constitution, had been fixed upon the necks of the subjugated inhabitants, to add weight, as it were, to the feudal chains with which they were loaded.

At court, and in the castles of the great nobles, where the pomp and state of a court was emulated, Norman-French was the only language employed. In courts of law, the pleadings and judgments were delivered in the same tongue. In short, French was the language of honor, of chivalry, and even of justice, while the far more manly and expressive Anglo-Saxon was abandoned to the use of rustics and hinds, who knew no other.

Still, however, the necessary intercourse between the lords of the soil and those oppressed inferior beings by whom that soil was cultivated, occasioned the gradual formation of a dialect, compounded betwixt the French and the Anglo-Saxon, in which they could render themselves mutually intelligible to each other; and from this necessity arose by degrees the structure of our present English language, in which the speech of the victors and the vanquished have been so happily blended together, and which has since been so richly improved by importations from the classical languages, and from those spoken by the southern nations of Europe.

This state of things I have thought it necessary to premise for the information of the general reader, who

might be apt to forget, that, although no great historical events, such as war or insurrection, mark the existence of the Anglo-Saxons as a separate people subsequent to the reign of William the Second; yet the great national distinctions betwixt them and their conquerors, the recollection of what they had formerly been, and to what they were now reduced, continued down to the reign of Edward the Third, to keep open the wounds which the Conquest had inflicted, and to maintain a line of separation betwixt the descendants of the victor Normans and the vanquished Saxons.



### A PICTURE OF ANGLO-NORMAN DAYS.

#### SECOND READING.

*ac-cou'tered* (*ak-koo'*), furnished.

*ban'deau* (*-dō*), band.

*copse' wood*, forest of small growth.

*Dru-id'ic-al*, relating to the Druids or Celtic priests.

*fab'ri-cā-ted*, manufactured.

*gnarled* (*narld*), knotty.

*gor'get* (*-jet*), a neck-plate.

*gro-tesque'* (*-tesk'*), fantastic.

*hau'berk*, coat of mail.

*hus-sar'* (*hooz-zar'*), light cavalryman.

*Har'le-quin* (*-kin*), buffoon in pantomime.

*lon'gi-tūde*, length.

*pri-mē'val*, primitive.

*scrip*, wallet, bag.

*sup-pressed'*, omitted.

*te'di-um*, wearisomeness.

*thrall*, bondsman.

THE sun was setting upon one of the rich grassy glades of that forest which we have mentioned in the beginning of the chapter. Hundreds of broad-headed, short-stemmed, wide-branched oaks, which had witnessed perhaps the stately march of the Roman soldiery, flung their gnarled arms over a thick carpet of the most

delicious greensward ; in some places they were intermingled with beeches, hollies, and copsewood of various descriptions, so closely as totally to intercept the level beams of the sinking sun ; in others, they receded from each other, forming those long sweeping vistas, in the intricacy of which the eye delights to lose itself, while imagination considers them as the paths to yet wilder scenes of sylvan solitude.

Here the red rays of the sun shot a broken and discolored light, that partially hung upon the shattered boughs and mossy trunks of the trees, and there they illuminated in brilliant patches the portions of turf to which they made their way. A considerable open space, in the midst of this glade, seemed formerly to have been dedicated to the rites of Druidical superstition ; for, on the summit of a hillock, so regular as to seem artificial, there still remained part of a circle of rough unhewn stones, of large dimensions. Seven stood upright ; the rest had been dislodged from their places, probably by the zeal of some convert to Christianity, and lay, some prostrate near their former site, and others on the side of the hill. One large stone only had found its way to the bottom, and in stopping the course of a small brook, which glided smoothly round the foot of the eminence, gave, by its opposition, a feeble voice of murmur to the placid and elsewhere silent streamlet.

The human figures which completed this landscape were in number two, partaking, in their dress and appearance, of that wild and rustic character which belonged to the woodlands of the West-Riding of Yorkshire at that early period. The eldest of these men had a stern, savage, and wild aspect. His gar-

ment was of the simplest form imaginable, being a close jacket with sleeves, composed of the tanned skin of some animal, on which the hair had been originally left, but which had been worn off in so many places that it would have been difficult to distinguish, from the patches that remained, to what creature the fur had belonged.

This primeval vestment reached from the throat to the knees, and served at once all the usual purposes of body-clothing; there was no wider opening at the collar than was necessary to admit the passage of the head, from which it may be inferred that it was put on by slipping it over the head and shoulders, in the manner of a modern shirt, or ancient hauberk. Sandals, bound with thongs made of boar's hide, protected the feet, and a roll of thin leather was twined artificially around the legs, and, ascending above the calf, left the knees bare like those of a Scottish Highlander. To make the jacket sit yet more close to the body, it was gathered at the middle by a broad leathern belt, secured by a brass buckle; to one side of which was attached a sort of scrip, and to the other a ram's horn, accoutered with a mouthpiece, for the purpose of blowing.

In the same belt was stuck one of those long, broad, sharp-pointed, and two-edged knives, with a buck's-horn handle, which were fabricated in the neighborhood, and bore, even at this early period, the name of a Sheffield whittle. The man had no covering upon his head, which was only defended by his own thick hair, matted and twisted together, and scorched by the influence of the sun into a rusty dark-red color, forming a contrast with the overgrown beard upon his cheeks, which was rather of a yellow or amber hue.

One part of his dress only remains, but it is too remarkable to be suppressed. It was a brass ring, resembling a dog's collar, but without any opening, and soldered fast round his neck, so loose as to form no impediment to his breathing, yet so tight as to be incapable of being removed, excepting by the use of the file. On this singular gorget was engraved, in Saxon characters, an inscription of the following purport: "Gurth, the son of Beowulph, is the born thrall of Cedric of Rotherwood."

Beside the swineherd, for such was Gurth's occupation, was seated, upon one of the fallen Druidical monuments, a person about ten years younger in appearance, and whose dress, though resembling his companion's in form, was of better materials, and of a more fantastic appearance. His jacket had been stained of a bright purple hue, upon which there had been some attempt to paint grotesque ornaments in different colors. To the jacket he added a short cloak, which scarcely reached half-way down his thigh; it was of crimson cloth, though a good deal soiled, lined with bright yellow; and as he could transfer it from one shoulder to the other, or at his pleasure draw it all around him, its width, contrasted with its want of longitude, formed a fantastic piece of drapery. He had thin silver bracelets upon his arms, and on his neck a collar of the same metal, bearing the inscription, "Wamba, the son of Witless, is the thrall of Cedric of Rotherwood."

This personage had the same sort of sandals with his companion, but instead of the roll of leather thong, his legs were cased in a sort of gaiters, of which one was red and the other yellow. He was provided also with a

cap, having around it more than one bell, about the size of those attached to hawks, which jingled as he turned his head to one side or other ; and as he seldom remained a minute in the same posture, the sound might be considered as incessant. Around the edge of this cap was a stiff bandeau of leather, cut at the top into open-work, resembling a coronet, while a prolonged bag arose from within it, and fell down on one shoulder like an old-fashioned nightcap, or a jelly-bag, or the head-gear of a modern hussar.

It was to this part of the cap that the bells were attached ; which circumstance, as well as the shape of his head-dress, and his own half-crazed, half-cunning expression of countenance, sufficiently pointed him out as belonging to the race of domestic clowns or jesters, maintained in the houses of the wealthy, to help away the tedium of those lingering hours which they were obliged to spend within doors. He bore, like his companion, a scrip, attached to his belt, but had neither horn nor knife, being probably considered as belonging to a class whom it is esteemed dangerous to intrust with edge-tools. In place of these he was equipped with a sort of sword of lath, resembling that with which Harlequin operates his wonders upon the modern stage.

The outward appearance of these two men formed scarce a stronger contrast than their look and demeanor. That of the serf, or bondsman, was sad and sullen ; his aspect was bent on the ground with an appearance of deep dejection, which might be almost construed into apathy, had not the fire which occasionally sparkled in his red eye manifested that there slumbered, under the appearance of sullen despondency, a sense of oppression, and a disposition to resistance.



The looks of Wamba, on the other hand, indicated, as usual with his class, a sort of vacant curiosity, and fidgety impatience of any posture of repose, together with the utmost self-satisfaction respecting his own situation, and the appearance which he made.

The dialogue which they maintained between them was carried on in Anglo-Saxon, which, as we said before, was universally spoken by the inferior classes, excepting the Norman soldiers, and the immediate personal dependants of the great feudal nobles. But to give their conversation in the original would convey but little information to the modern reader, for whose benefit we beg to offer the following translation.



### A PICTURE OF ANGLO-NORMAN DAYS.

#### THIRD READING.

*an*, if.

*beech'-mast*, beech-nuts.

*ep'i-thet*, name.

*Eu-mæ'us* (*ū-mæ'us*), a swineherd,  
spoken of by Homer.

*mur'rain* (*-rin*), plague.

*ob-strep'er-ous-ly*, loudly, noisily.

*pre-pense'*, aforethought.

*sloughs* (*slufs*), mire.

*wā'ver*, dangle to and fro.

*weath'er-gage*, position of advantage with regard to the wind.

"THE curse of St. Withold upon these infernal porkers!" said the swineherd, after blowing his horn obstreperously, to collect together the scattered herd of swine, which, answering his call with notes equally melodious, made, however, no haste to remove themselves from the luxurious banquet of beech-mast and acorns on which they had fattened, or to forsake the

marshy banks of the rivulet, where several of them, half plunged in mud, lay stretched at their ease, altogether regardless of the voice of their keeper.

“The curse of St. Withold upon them and upon me!” said Gurth. “If the two-legged wolf snap not up some of them ere nightfall, I am no true man. Here, Fangs! Fangs!” he ejaculated at the top of his voice to a ragged, wolfish-looking dog, a sort of lurcher, half mastiff, half greyhound, which ran limping about as if with the purpose of seconding his master in collecting the refractory grunTERS; but which, in fact, from misapprehension of the swineherd’s signals, ignorance of his own duty, or malice prepense, only drove them hither and thither, and increased the evil which he seemed to design to remedy.

“A devil draw the teeth of him,” said Gurth, “and the mother of mischief confound the Ranger of the forest, that cuts the foreclaws off our dogs, and makes them unfit for their trade! Wamba, up and help me, an thou beest a man. Take a turn round the back o’ the hill, to gain the wind on them; and when thou’st got the weather-gage, thou mayst drive them before thee as gently as so many innocent lambs.”

“Truly,” said Wamba, without stirring from the spot, “I have consulted my legs upon this matter, and they are altogether of opinion that to carry my gay garments through these sloughs would be an act of unfriendship to my sovereign person and royal wardrobe; wherefore, Gurth, I advise thee to call off Fangs, and leave the herd to their destiny; which, whether they meet with bands of traveling soldiers, or of outlaws, or of wandering pilgrims, can be little else than to be converted into

Normans before morning, to thy no small ease and comfort."

"The swine turned Normans to my comfort!" quoth Gurth: "expound that to me, Wamba; for my brain is too dull, and my mind too vexed, to read riddles."

"Why, how call you those grunting brutes running about on their four legs?" demanded Wamba.

"Swine, fool, swine," said the herd; "every fool knows that."

"And swine is good Saxon," said the jester. "But how call you the sow when she is flayed and drawn and quartered, and hung up by the heels like a traitor?"

"Pork," answered the swineherd.

"I am very glad every fool knows that, too," said Wamba; "and pork, I think, is good Norman-French. And so, when the brute lives, and is in the charge of a Saxon slave, she goes by her Saxon name; but becomes a Norman, and is called pork, when she is carried to the castle-hall to feast among the nobles. What dost thou think of this, friend Gurth, ha?"

"It is but too true doctrine, friend Wamba, however it got into thy fool's pate."

"Nay, I can tell you more," said Wamba, in the same tone. "There is old Alderman Ox continues to hold his Saxon epithet while he is under the charge of serfs and bondsmen such as thou; but becomes Beef, a fiery French gallant, when he arrives before the worshipful jaws that are destined to consume him. Myn-heer Calf, too, becomes Monsieur de Veau in the like manner. He is Saxon when he requires tendance, and takes a Norman name when he becomes matter of enjoyment."

“By St. Dunstan,” answered Gurth, “thou speakest but sad truths. Little is left to us but the air we breathe; and that appears to have been reserved with much hesitation, solely for the purpose of enabling us to endure the tasks they lay upon our shoulders. The finest and the fattest is for their board; the loveliest is for their couch; the best and bravest supply their foreign masters with soldiers, and whiten distant lands with their bones, leaving few here who have either will or the power to protect the unfortunate Saxon. God’s blessing on our master Cedric! he hath done the work of a man in standing in the gap. But Reginald Front-de-Bœuf is coming down to this country in person, and we shall soon see how little Cedric’s trouble will avail him. — Here, here!” he exclaimed again, raising his voice. “So ho! so ho! Well done, Fangs! thou hast them all before thee now, and bring’st them on bravely, lad.”

“Gurth,” said the jester, “I know thou thinkest me a fool, or thou wouldst not be so rash in putting thy head into my mouth. One word to Reginald Front-de-Bœuf or Philip de Malvoisin that thou hast spoken treason against the Norman, and thou art but a cast-away swineherd, — thou wouldst waver on one of these trees, as a terror to all evil speakers against dignities.”

“Dog! thou wouldst not betray me,” said Gurth, “after having led me on to speak so much at disadvantage?”

“Betray thee!” answered the jester; “no; that were the trick of a wise man: a fool can not half so well help himself. But soft! whom have we here?” he said, listening to the trampling of several horses, which became then audible.

"Never mind whom," answered Gurth, who had now got his herd before him, and, with the aid of Fangs, was driving them down one of the long dim vistas which we have endeavored to describe.

"Nay, but I must see the riders," answered Wamba. "Perhaps they are come from fairy-land with a message from King Oberon."

"A murrain take thee!" rejoined the swineherd. "Wilt thou talk of such things while a terrible storm of thunder and lightning is raging within a few miles of us? Hark, how the thunder rumbles! and for summer rain, I never saw such broad downright flat drops fall out of the clouds. The oaks, too, notwithstanding the calm weather, sob and creak with their great boughs, as if announcing a tempest. Thou canst play the rational if thou wilt: credit me for once, and let us home ere the storm begins to rage, for the night will be fearful."

Wamba seemed to feel the force of this appeal, and accompanied his companion, who began his journey after catching up a long quarter-staff which lay upon the grass beside him. This second Eumæus strode hastily down the forest glade, driving before him, with the assistance of Fangs, the whole herd of his inharmonious charge.



## THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

## FIRST READING.

*au'gu-ry*, prophecy, prediction.*brāke*, a thicket, underbrush.*brand*, a sword.*blaze*, sign of rank, blazon.*crest*, helmet.*fell*, a barren or stony hill.*plaid* (*plād*), a Scotch shawl worn  
by men.*sols'tice* (*sol'stis*), hot season.*stock*, fallen trees.*wōld*, a wilderness.*wreath*, heap.

## I.

THE shades of eve come slowly down,  
 The woods are wrapt in deeper brown,  
 The owl awakens from her dell,  
 The fox is heard upon the fell ;  
 Enough remains of glimmering light  
 To guide the wanderer's steps aright,  
 Yet not enough from far to show  
 His figure to the watchful foe.  
 With cautious step, and ear awake,  
 He climbs the crag and threads the brake ;  
 And not the summer solstice there  
 Tempered the midnight mountain air,  
 But every breeze that swept the wold  
 Benumbed his drenchéd limbs with cold.  
 In dread, in danger, and alone,  
 Famished and chilled, through ways unknown,  
 Tangled and steep, he journeyed on,  
 Till, as a rock's huge point he turned,  
 A watch-fire close before him burned.

## II.

Beside its embers, red and clear,  
Basked, in his plaid, a mountaineer ;  
And up he sprung with sword in hand :  
"Thy name and purpose ! Saxon, stand !" —  
"A stranger." — "What dost thou require ?" —  
"Rest and a guide, and food and fire.  
My life's beset, my path is lost,  
The gale has chilled my limbs with frost." —  
"Art thou a friend to Roderick ?" — "No." —  
"Thou darest not call thyself a foe ?" —  
"I dare ! to him and all the band  
He brings to aid his murderous hand." —  
"Bold words ! but, though the beast of game  
The privilege of chase may claim,  
Though space and law the stag we lend  
Ere hound we slip or bow we bend,  
Who ever recked, where, how, or when  
The prowling fox was trapped or slain ?  
Thus treacherous scouts — yet sure they lie,  
Who say thou cam'st a secret spy !" —  
"They do, by Heaven ! Come Roderick Dhu,  
And of his clan the boldest two,  
And let me but till morning rest,  
I write the falsehood on their crest." —  
"If by the blaze I mark aright,  
Thou bear'st the belt and spur of knight." —  
"Then by these tokens mayst thou know  
Each proud oppressor's mortal foe." —  
"Enough, enough ; sit down and share  
A soldier's couch, a soldier's fare."

## III.

He gave him of his Highland cheer,  
The hardened flesh of mountain deer ;  
Dry fuel on the fire he laid,  
And bade the Saxon share his plaid.  
He tended him like welcome guest,  
Then thus his further speech addressed :—  
“ Stranger, I am to Roderick Dhu  
A clansman born, a kinsman true ;  
Each word against his honor spoke  
Demands of me avenging stroke ;  
Yet more—upon my fate, ’tis said,  
A mighty augury is laid.  
It rests with me to wind my horn—  
Thou art with numbers overborne ;  
It rests with me, here, brand to brand,  
Worn as thou art, to bid thee stand.  
But, not for clan, nor kindred’s cause,  
Will I depart from honor’s laws.  
To assail a wearied man were shame,  
And stranger is a holy name.  
Guidance and rest, and food and fire,  
In vain he never must require.  
Then rest thee here till dawn of day ;  
Myself will guide thee on the way,  
O’er stock and stone, through watch and ward,  
Till past Clan-Alpine’s outmost guard,  
As far as Coilantogle’s ford.  
From thence thy warrant is thy sword.” —  
“ I take thy courtesy, by Heaven,  
As freely as ’tis nobly given ! ” —



“ Well, rest thee ; for the bittern’s cry  
 Sings us the lake’s wild lullaby.”  
 With that he shook the gathered heath,  
 And spread his plaid upon the wreath ;  
 And the brave foemen, side by side,  
 Lay peaceful down like brothers tried,  
 And slept until the dawning beam  
 Purpled the mountain and the stream.



### THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

#### SECOND READING.

*brack'en*, fern-brake.

*copse*, brushwood.

*falcon* (*faw'kn*), a kind of trained hawk.

*Gael* (*gäl*), a Scotch Highlander.

*heath'er* (*heth'er*), an evergreen shrub found in the Highlands.

*mat'ins*, morning prayers.

*o'siers* (*o'shers*), willows.

*sheen*, bright, glittering.

*shin'gles* (*shing'gls*), loose gravel.

*sooth*, truth.

*wild'er-ing*, bewildering.

*wreck'ful*, ruinous, destructive.

#### I.

FAIR as the earliest beam of eastern light,  
 When first, by the bewildered pilgrim spied,  
 It smiles upon the dreary brow of night,  
 And silvers o'er the torrent's foaming tide,  
 And lights the fearful path on mountain side, —  
 Fair as that beam, although the fairest far,  
 Giving to horror grace, to danger pride,  
 Shine martial Faith, and Courtesy's bright star,  
 Through all the wreckful storms that cloud the brow of  
 War.

## II.

That early beam, so fair and sheen,  
Was twinkling through the hazel screen,  
When, rousing at its glimmer red,  
The warriors left their lowly bed,  
Looked out upon the dappled sky,  
Muttered their soldier matins by,  
And then awaked their fire, to steal,  
As short and rude, their soldier meal.  
That o'er, the Gael around him threw  
His graceful plaid of varied hue,  
And, true to promise, led the way,  
By thicket green and mountain gray.  
A wildering path!— they winded now  
Along the precipice's brow,  
Commanding the rich scenes beneath  
The windings of the Forth and Teith,  
And all the vales between that lie,  
Till Stirling's turrets melt in sky;  
Then, sunk in copse, their farthest glance  
Gained not the length of horseman's lance.  
'Twas oft so steep, the foot was fain  
Assistance from the hand to gain;  
So tangled oft, that, bursting through,  
Each hawthorn shed her showers of dew—  
That diamond dew, so pure and clear,  
It rivals all but Beauty's tear!

## III.

At length they came where, stern and steep,  
The hill sinks down upon the deep.

Here Vennachar in silver flows,  
There, ridge on ridge, Benledi rose ;  
Ever the hollow path twined on,  
Beneath steep bank and threatening stone ;  
An hundred men might hold the post  
With hardihood against a host.  
The rugged mountain's scanty cloak  
Was dwarfish shrubs of birch and oak,  
With shingles bare, and cliffs between,  
And patches bright of bracken green,  
And heather black, that waved so high,  
It held the copse in rivalry.  
But where the lake slept deep and still,  
Dank osiers fringed the swamp and hill ;  
And oft both path and hill were torn,  
Where wintry torrents down had borne,  
And heaped upon the cumbered land  
Its wreck of gravel, rocks, and sand.  
So toilsome was the road to trace,  
The guide, abating of his pace,  
Led slowly through the pass's jaws,  
And asked Fitz-James, by what strange cause  
He sought these wilds, traversed by few,  
Without a pass from Roderick Dhu.

## IV.

" Brave Gael, my pass, in danger tried,  
Hangs in my belt, and by my side ;  
Yet, sooth to tell," the Saxon said,  
" I dreamt not now to claim its aid.  
When here but three days since I came,  
Bewildered in pursuit of game,

All seemed as peaceful and as still  
 As the mist slumbering on yon hill.  
 Thy dangerous chief was then afar,  
 Nor soon expected back from war.  
 Thus said, at least, my mountain-guide,  
 Though deep perchance the villain lied." —  
 "Yet why a second venture try?" —  
 "A warrior thou, and ask me why? —  
 Moves our free course by such fixed cause  
 As gives the poor mechanic laws?  
 Enough, I sought to drive away  
 The lazy hours of peaceful day;  
 Slight cause will then suffice to guide  
 A knight's free footsteps far and wide —  
 A falcon flown, a greyhound strayed,  
 The merry glance of mountain maid;  
 Or, if a path be dangerous known,  
 The danger's self is lure alone." —

## v.

"Thy secret keep, I urge thee not;  
 Yet, ere again ye sought this spot,  
 Say, heard ye naught of Lowland war  
 Against Clan-Alpine, raised by Mar?" —  
 — "No, by my word. Of bands prepared  
 To guard King James's sports I heard;  
 Nor doubt I aught, but, when they hear  
 This muster of the mountaineer,  
 Their pennons will abroad be flung,  
 Which else in Doune had peaceful hung." —  
 "Free be they flung! for we were loth  
 Their silken folds should feast the moth.

Free be they flung! — as free shall wave  
 Clan-Alpine's pine in banner brave.  
 But, stranger, peaceful since you came,  
 Bewildered in the mountain game,  
 Whence the bold boast by which you show  
 Vich-Alpine's vowed and mortal foe?" —  
 "Warrior, but yester-morn I knew  
 Naught of thy chieftain, Roderick Dhu,  
 Save as an outlawed, desperate man,  
 The chief of a rebellious clan,  
 Who, in the Regent's court and sight,  
 With ruffian dagger stabbed a knight:  
 Yet this alone might from his part  
 Sever each true and loyal heart."



### THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

#### THIRD READING.

*broom*, small rough shrub.

*clay'more*, a two-handed sword.

*Hofy-rood*, a palace and abbey in  
 Edinburgh, Scotland.

*meed*, reward.

*mewed* (*mūd*), confined.

*reft*, deprived of.

*trun'cheon* (*-shun*), military baton.

#### I.

WROTHFUL at such arraignment foul,  
 Dark lowered the clansman's sable scowl.  
 A space he paused, then sternly said,  
 "And heard'st thou why he drew his blade?  
 Heard'st thou that shameful word and blow  
 Brought Roderick's vengeance on his foe?"

What recked the chieftain if he stood  
On Highland heath or Holyrood?  
He rights such wrong where it is given,  
If it were in the court of heaven." —  
"Still was it outrage; yet, 'tis true,  
Not then claimed sovereignty his due;  
While Albany, with feeble hand,  
Held borrowed truncheon of command,  
The young king, mew'd in Stirling tower,  
Was stranger to respect and power.  
But then, thy chieftain's robber life!  
Winning mean prey by causeless strife,  
Wrenching from ruined Lowland swain  
His herds and harvest reared in vain.  
Methinks a soul like thine should scorn  
The spoils from such foul foray borne."

## II.

The Gael beheld him grim the while,  
And answered, with disdainful smile:  
"Saxon, from yonder mountain high,  
I marked thee send delighted eye  
Far to the south and east, where lay,  
Extended in succession gay,  
Deep waving fields and pastures green,  
With gentle slopes and groves between.  
These fertile plains, that softened vale,  
Were once the birthright of the Gael;  
The stranger came with iron hand,  
And from our fathers reft the land.  
Where dwell we now? See, rudely swell  
Crag over crag, and fell o'er fell.

Ask we this savage hill we tread,  
For fattened steer or household bread ;  
Ask wè for flocks these shingles dry,  
And well the mountain might reply, —  
'To you, as to your sires of yore,  
Belong the target and claymore !  
I give you shelter in my breast,  
Your own good blades must win the rest.'  
Pent in this fortress of the North,  
Think'st thou we will not sally forth,  
To spoil the spoiler as we may,  
And from the robber rend the prey ?  
Ay, by my soul ! While on yon plain  
The Saxon rears one shock of grain,  
While, of ten thousand herds, there strays  
But one along yon river's maze, —  
The Gael, of plain and river heir,  
Shall with strong hand redeem his share.  
Where live the mountain chiefs who hold  
That plundering Lowland field and fold  
Is aught but retribution true ?  
Seek other cause 'gainst Roderick Dhu."

## III.

Answered Fitz-James, "And, if I sought,  
Think'st thou no other could be brought ?  
What deem ye of my path waylaid ?  
My life given o'er to ambuscade ?" —  
"As of a meed to rashness due.  
Hadst thou sent warning fair and true, —  
'I seek my hound, or falcon strayed,  
I seek, good faith, a Highland maid,' —

Free hadst thou been to come and go ;  
But secret path marks secret foe.  
Nor yet, for this, e'en as a spy,  
Hadst thou, unheard, been doomed to die,  
Save to fulfill an augury." —  
"Well, let it pass ; nor will I now  
Fresh cause of enmity avow,  
To chafe thy mood and cloud thy brow.  
Enough, I am by promise tied  
To match me with this man of pride.  
Twice have I sought Clan-Alpine's glen  
In peace ; but when I come again  
I come with banner, brand, and bow,  
As leader seeks his mortal foe.  
For love-lorn swain, in lady's bower,  
Ne'er panted for the appointed hour,  
As I, until before me stand  
This rebel chieftain and his band !"

## IV.

"Have, then, thy wish !" — he whistled shrill,  
And he was answered from the hill :  
Wild as the scream of the curlew,  
From crag to crag the signal flew.  
Instant, through copse and heath, arose  
Bonnets, and spears, and bended bows ;  
On right, on left, above, below,  
Sprung up at once the lurking foe ;  
From shingles gray their lances start,  
The bracken bush sends forth the dart,  
The rushes and the willow-wand  
Are bristling into ax and brand,



And every tuft of broom gives life  
To plaided warrior armed for strife.  
That whistle garrisoned the glen  
At once with full five hundred men,  
As if the yawning hill to heaven  
A subterranean host had given.  
Watching their leader's beck and will,  
All silent there they stood, and still.  
Like the loose crags whose threatening mass  
Lay tottering o'er the hollow pass,  
As if an infant's touch could urge  
Their headlong passage down the verge,  
With step and weapon forward flung,  
Upon the mountain-side they hung.  
The mountaineer cast glance of pride  
Along Benledi's living side,  
Then fixed his eye and sable brow  
Full on Fitz-James: "How say'st thou now?  
These are Clan-Alpine's warriors true:  
And, Saxon — I am Roderick Dhu!"



## THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

## FOURTH READING.

*birth*, offspring.*glaive*, sword.*glint'ed*, reflected.*jack*, jacket.*minds*, observes, notices.*per'non*, a small flag.*plūm'age*, plumes in the caps.*plov'er* (*pluv'er*), a water-bird.*rife*, filled.*targe*, a small shield.*vant'age-less*, without advantage.*wont*, accustomed.

## I.

FITZ-JAMES was brave. Though to his heart  
 The life-blood thrilled with sudden start,  
 He manned himself with dauntless air,  
 Returned the chief his haughty stare,  
 His back against a rock he bore,  
 And firmly placed his foot before :  
 "Come one, come all ! this rock shall fly  
 From its firm base as soon as I."  
 Sir Roderick marked — and in his eyes  
 Respect was mingled with surprise,  
 And the stern joy which warriors feel  
 In foemen worthy of their steel.  
 Short space he stood, then waved his hand :  
 Down sunk the disappearing band ;  
 Each warrior vanished where he stood,  
 In broom or bracken, heath or wood ;  
 Sunk brand, and spear, and bended bow,  
 In osiers pale and copses low ;  
 It seemed as if their mother Earth  
 Had swallowed up her warlike birth.

The wind's last breath had tossed in air  
 Pennon, and plaid, and plumage fair —  
 The next but swept a lone hillside,  
 Where heath and fern were waving wide ;  
 The sun's last glance was glinted back,  
 From spear and glaive, from targe and jack —  
 The next, all unreflected, shone  
 On bracken green, and cold gray stone.

## II.

Fitz-James looked round, yet scarce believed  
 The witness that his sight received ;  
 Such apparition well might seem  
 Delusion of a dreadful dream.  
 Sir Roderick in suspense he eyed,  
 And to his look the chief replied,  
 "Fear nought — nay, that I need not say —  
 But — doubt not aught from mine array.  
 Thou art my guest. I pledged my word  
 As far as Coilantogle ford ;  
 Nor would I call a clansman's brand  
 For aid against one valiant hand,  
 Though on our strife lay every vale  
 Rent by the Saxon from the Gael.  
 So move we on ; I only meant  
 To show the reed on which you leant,  
 Deeming this path you might pursue  
 Without a pass from Roderick Dhu."  
 They moved: I said Fitz-James was brave,  
 As ever knight that belted glaive ;  
 Yet dare not say, that now his blood  
 Kept on its wont and tempered flood,

As, following Roderick's stride, he drew  
That seeming lonesome pathway through,  
Which yet, by fearful proof, was rife  
With lances, that, to take his life,  
Waited but signal from a guide,  
So late dishonored and defied.  
Ever, by stealth, his eye sought round  
The vanished guardians of the ground,  
And still, from copse and heather deep,  
Fancy saw spear and broadsword peep,  
And in the plover's shrilly strain,  
The signal whistle heard again.  
Nor breathed he free till far behind  
The pass was left; for then they wind  
Along a wide and level green,  
Where neither tree nor tuft was seen,  
Nor rush nor bush of broom was near,  
To hide a bonnet or a spear.

## III.

The chief in silence strode before,  
And reached that torrent's sounding shore,  
Which, daughter of three mighty lakes,  
From Vennachar in silver breaks,  
Sweeps through the plain, and ceaseless mines  
On Bochastle the mouldering lines,  
Where Rome, the empress of the world,  
Of yore her eagle wings unfurled:  
And here his course the chieftain stayed,  
Threw down his target and his plaid,  
And to the Lowland warrior said:  
"Bold Saxon! to his promise just,

Vich-Alpine has discharged his trust.  
 This murderous chief, this ruthless man,  
 This head of a rebellious clan,  
 Hath led thee safe through watch and ward,  
 Far past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard.  
 Now, man to man and steel to steel,  
 A chieftain's vengeance thou shalt feel.  
 See here, all vantageless I stand,  
 Armed, like thyself, with single brand :  
 For this is Coilantogle ford,  
 And thou must keep thee with thy sword."



### THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

#### FIFTH READING.

*cairn*, heap of stones.

*car'pet-knight*, an unwarlike soldier,  
 who enjoys ease at home.

*dū'bi-ous*, doubtful.

*fa'chion* (*faw'chun*), a short sword.

*gripe* = grip.

*in-vul'ner-a-ble*, uninjured.

*kern*, a humble follower.

*ruth* (*rooth*), pity, sorrow.

*strengths*, strongholds.

#### I.

THE Saxon paused : " I ne'er delayed,  
 When foeman bade me draw my blade.  
 Nay more, brave chief, I vowed thy death ;  
 Yet sure thy fair and generous faith,  
 And my deep debt for life preserved,  
 A better meed have well deserved.  
 Can naught but blood our feud atone ?  
 Are there no means ? " — " No, stranger, none !  
 And hear — to fire thy flagging zeal —  
 The Saxon cause rests on thy steel ;

For thus spoke Fate, by prophet bred  
Between the living and the dead :  
'Who spills the foremost foeman's life,  
His party conquers in the strife.' " —  
"Then, by my word," the Saxon said,  
"Thy riddle is already read.  
Seek yonder brake beneath the cliff —  
There lies Red Murdoch, stark and stiff.  
Thus Fate has solved her prophecy,  
Then yield to Fate, and not to me.  
To James, at Stirling, let us go,  
When, if thou wilt be still his foe,  
Or if the King shall not agree  
To grant thee grace and favor free,  
I plight mine honor, oath, and word,  
That, to thy native strengths restored,  
With each advantage shalt thou stand,  
That aids thee now to guard thy land."

## II.

Dark lightning flashed from Roderick's eye —  
"Soars thy presumption, then, so high,  
Because a wretched kern ye slew,  
Homage to name to Roderick Dhu?  
He yields not, he, to man nor Fate!  
Thou add'st but fuel to my hate :  
My clansman's blood demands revenge. —  
Not yet prepared? — By heaven, I change  
My thought, and hold thy valor light  
As that of some vain carpet-knight,  
Who ill deserved my courteous care,  
And whose best boast is but to wear

A braid of his fair lady's hair." —  
"I thank thee, Roderick, for the word!  
It nerves my heart, it steels my sword;  
For I have sworn this braid to stain  
In the best blood that warms thy vein.  
Now, truce, farewell! and, ruth, begone!  
Yet think not that by thee alone,  
Proud chief! can courtesy be shown.  
Though not from copse, or heath, or cairn,  
Start at my whistle clansmen stern,  
Of this small horn one feeble blast  
Would fearful odds against thee cast.  
But fear not — doubt not — which thou wilt —  
We try this quarrel hilt to hilt."  
Then each at once his falchion drew,  
Each on the ground his scabbard threw,  
Each looked to sun and stream and plain,  
As what they ne'er might see again;  
Then foot, and point, and eye opposed,  
In dubious strife they darkly closed.

## III.

Ill fared it then with Roderick Dhu,  
That on the field his targe he threw,  
Whose brazen studs and tough bull-hide  
Had death so often dashed aside;  
For, trained abroad his arms to wield,  
Fitz-James's blade was sword and shield.  
He practised every pass and ward,  
To thrust, to strike, to feint, to guard;  
While less expert, though stronger far,  
The Gael maintained unequal war.

Three times in closing strife they stood,  
And thrice the Saxon blade drank blood ;  
No stinted draught, no scanty tide,  
The gushing flood the tartans dyed.  
Fierce Roderick felt the fatal drain,  
And showered his blows like wintry rain ;  
And as firm rock or castle-roof  
Against the winter shower is proof,  
The foe, invulnerable still,  
Foiled his wild rage by steady skill ;  
Till, at advantage ta'en, his brand  
Forced Roderick's weapon from his hand,  
And, backward borne upon the lea,  
Brought the proud chieftain to his knee.

## IV.

“Now yield thee, or by Him who made  
The world, thy heart's blood dyes my blade !” —  
“Thy threats, thy mercy, I defy !  
Let recreant yield, who fears to die.”  
— Like adder darting from his coil,  
Like wolf that dashes through the toil,  
Like mountain-cat who guards her young,  
Full at Fitz-James's throat he sprung ;  
Received, but recked not of a wound,  
And locked his arms his foeman round. —  
Now, gallant Saxon, hold thine own !  
No maiden's hand is round thee thrown !  
That desperate grasp thy frame might feel,  
Through bars of brass and triple steel ! —  
They tug, they strain ! down, down they go,  
The Gael above, Fitz-James below.



The chieftain's gripe his throat compressed,  
His knee was planted in his breast ;  
His clotted locks he backward threw,  
Across his brow his hand he drew,  
From blood and mist to clear his sight,  
Then gleamed aloft his dagger bright! —  
— But hate and fury ill supplied  
The stream of life's exhausted tide,  
And all too late the advantage came,  
To turn the odds of deadly game ;  
For, while the dagger gleamed on high,  
Reeled soul and sense, reeled brain and eye.  
Down came the blow ! but in the heath  
The erring blade found bloodless sheath.  
The struggling foe may now unclasp  
The fainting chief's relaxing grasp ;  
Unwounded from the dreadful close,  
But breathless all, Fitz-James arose.



KING RICHARD, THE NUBIAN, AND THE ASSASSIN.<sup>1</sup>

## FIRST READING.

<i>ad-dress'</i> , skill, dexterity.	in the countries bordering the eastern shores of the Mediterranean.
<i>brig'an-dine</i> , coat of mail.	<i>mar-a-bout'</i> ( <i>-boot</i> ), a Moorish saint.
<i>caf'tan</i> , a Turkish vest.	<i>of'fice</i> , duty, occupation.
<i>confu-me-ly</i> , haughty insolence.	<i>sof'dan</i> , sultan.
<i>ge'nie</i> ( <i>jě'ny</i> ), a fabulous being between angels and men.	<i>thews</i> ( <i>thūz</i> ), muscles.
<i>hau'berk</i> , a shirt of mail.	<i>va-gā'ries</i> , wild freaks.
<i>knave</i> , servant.	<i>ward'ers</i> , guards.
<i>lingua Franca</i> (literally the Frankish tongue), a mongrel speech used	<i>wind'ed</i> , sounded.
	<i>writh'en</i> , twisted, distorted.

RICHARD surveyed the Nubian in silence as he stood before him, his looks bent upon the ground, his arms folded on his bosom, with the appearance of a black marble statue of the most exquisite workmanship, waiting life from the touch of a Prometheus. The king of England, who, as it was emphatically said of his successor Henry the Eighth, loved to look upon a MAN, was well pleased with the thews, sinews, and symmetry of him whom he now surveyed, and questioned him in the *lingua Franca*, "Art thou a pagan?"

The slave shook his head, and, raising his finger to his brow, crossed himself in token of his Christianity, then resumed his posture of motionless humility.

"A Nubian Christian, doubtless," said Richard, "and mutilated of the organ of speech by these heathen dogs?"

The mute again slowly shook his head, in token of

<sup>1</sup> From the *Talisman*.

negative, pointed with his forefinger to heaven, and then laid it upon his own lips.

"I understand thee," said Richard; "thou dost suffer under the infliction of God, not by the cruelty of man. Canst thou clean an armor and belt, and buckle it in time of need?"

The mute nodded, and stepping towards the coat of mail, which hung with the shield and helmet of the chivalrous monarch, upon the pillar of the tent, he handled it with such nicety of address, as sufficiently to show that he fully understood the business of the armor-bearer.

"Thou art an apt, and wilt doubtless be a useful knave. Thou shalt wait in my chamber, and on my person," said the king, "to show how much I value the gift of the royal Soldan. If thou hast no tongue, it follows thou canst carry no tales, neither provoke me to be sudden by any unfit reply."

The Nubian again prostrated himself till his brow touched the earth, then stood erect, at some paces distant, as waiting for his new master's commands.

"Nay, thou shalt commence thy office presently," said Richard, "for I see a speck of rust darkening on that shield; and when I shake it in the face of Saladin, it should be bright and unsullied as the Soldan's honor and mine own."

A horn was winded without, and presently Sir Henry Neville entered with a packet of dispatches. "From England, my lord," he said, as he delivered it.

"From England,—our own England!" repeated Richard, in a tone of melancholy enthusiasm. "Alas! they little think how hard their sovereign has been

beset by sickness and sorrow, faint friends, and forward enemies." Then, opening the dispatches, he said hastily, "Ha! this comes from no peaceful land: they too have their feuds. Neville, begone: I must peruse these tidings alone, and at leisure."

Neville withdrew accordingly, and Richard was soon absorbed in the melancholy details which had been conveyed to him from England, concerning the factions that were tearing to pieces his native dominions, — the disunion of his brothers, John and Geoffrey, and the quarrels of both with the High Justiciary Longchamp, Bishop of Ely; the oppressions practiced by the nobles upon the peasantry, and rebellion of the latter against their masters, which had produced everywhere scenes of discord, and in some instances the effusion of blood. Details of incidents mortifying to his pride, and derogatory from his authority, were intermingled with the earnest advice of his wisest and most attached counsellors, that he should presently return to England, as his presence offered the only hope of saving the kingdom from all the horrors of civil discord, of which France and Scotland were likely to avail themselves.

Filled with the most painful anxiety, Richard read, and again read, the ill-omened letters, compared the intelligence which some of them contained with the same facts as differently stated in others, and soon became totally insensible to whatever was passing around him, although seated, for the sake of coolness, close to the entrance of his tent, and having the curtains withdrawn, so that he could see and be seen by the guards and others who were stationed without.

Deeper in the shadow of the pavilion, and busied

with the task his new master had imposed, sat the Nubian slave, with his back rather turned towards the king. He had finished adjusting and cleaning the hauberk and brigandine, and was now busily employed on a broad pavesse, or buckler, of unusual size, and covered with steel-plating, which Richard often used in reconnoitering, or actually storming, fortified places, as a more effectual protection against missile weapons, than the narrow triangular shield used on horseback.

This pavesse bore neither the royal lions of England, nor any other device, to attract the observation of the defenders of the walls against which it was advanced. The care, therefore, of the armorer was addressed to causing its surface to shine as bright as crystal, in which he seemed to be peculiarly successful. Beyond the Nubian, and scarce visible from without, lay the large dog, which might be termed his brother slave, and which, as if he felt awed by being transferred to a royal owner, was couched close to the side of the mute, with head and ears on the ground, and his limbs and tail drawn close around and under him.

While the monarch and his new attendant were thus occupied, another actor crept upon the scene, and mingled among the group of English yeomen, about a score of whom, respecting the unusually pensive posture and close occupation of their sovereign, were, contrary to their wont, keeping a silent guard in front of his tent. It was not, however, more vigilant than usual. Some were playing at games of hazard with small pebbles, others spoke together in whispers of the approaching day of battle, and several lay asleep, their bulky limbs folded in their green mantles.

Amid these careless warders glided the puny form of a little old Turk, poorly dressed like a marabout or santon of the desert, — a sort of enthusiasts, who sometimes ventured into the camp of the Crusaders, though treated always with contumely, and often with violence. Indeed, the luxury and profligate indulgence of the Christian leaders had occasioned a motley concourse in their tents, of musicians, Jewish merchants, Copts, Turks, and all the varied refuse of the Eastern nations; so that the caftan and turban — though to drive both from the Holy Land was the professed object of the expedition — were nevertheless neither an uncommon nor an alarming sight in the camp of the Crusaders. When, however, the little insignificant figure we have described approached so nigh as to receive some interruption from the warders, he dashed his dusky green turban from his head, showed that his beard and eyebrows were shaved like those of a professed buffoon, and that the expression of his fantastic and writhen features, as well as of his little black eyes, which glittered like jet, was that of a crazed imagination.

“Dance, marabout,” cried the soldiers, acquainted with the manners of these wandering enthusiasts, — “dance, or we will scourge thee with our bow-strings, till thou spin as never top did under schoolboy’s lash.” Thus shouted the reckless warders, as much delighted at having a subject to tease as a child when he catches a butterfly, or a schoolboy upon discovering a bird’s nest.

The marabout, as if happy to do their behests, bounded from the earth, and spun his giddy round before them with singular agility, which, when con-

trasted with his slight and wasted figure and diminutive appearance, made him resemble a withered leaf twirled round and around at the pleasure of the winter's breeze. His single lock of hair streamed upwards from his bald and shaven head, as if some genie upheld him by it; and indeed it seemed as if supernatural art were necessary to the execution of the wild whirling dance, in which scarce the tiptoe of the performer was seen to touch the ground.

Amid the vagaries of his performance, he flew here and there, from one spot to another, still approaching, however, though almost imperceptibly, to the entrance of the royal tent; so that, when at length he sunk exhausted on the earth, after two or three bounds still higher than those which he had yet executed, he was not above thirty yards from the king's person.



### KING RICHARD, THE NUBIAN, AND THE ASSASSIN.

#### SECOND READING.

*ca'tiff* (*kā'tif*), scoundrel, rascal.

*couched*, lowered, hid.

*e-bri'e-ty*, intoxication.

*es-pla-nade'*, clear space.

*hal-loo'*, a shout, an ado.

*knaves*, fellows.

*Mar'tle-mas* = *Mar'tin-mas*, the eleventh of November.

*or-vi-e'tan*, an antidote to poison.

*rase*, graze.

For the space of a quarter of an hour, or longer, after the incident related, all remained perfectly quiet in the front of the royal habitation. The king read and mused in the entrance of his pavilion; behind, and with his back turned to the same entrance, the Nubian slave

still burnished the ample pavesse ; in front of all, at an hundred paces distant, the yeomen of the guard stood, sat, or lay extended on the grass, attentive to their own sports, but pursuing them in silence ; while on the esplanade betwixt them and the front of the tent, lay, scarcely to be distinguished from a bundle of rags, the senseless form of the marabout.

But the Nubian had the advantage of a mirror, from the brilliant reflection which the surface of the highly polished shield now afforded, by means of which he beheld, to his alarm and surprise, that the marabout raised his head gently from the ground, so as to survey all around him, moving with a well-adjusted precaution, which seemed entirely inconsistent with a state of ebriety. He couched his head instantly, as if satisfied he was unobserved, and began, with the slightest possible appearance of voluntary effort, to drag himself, as if by chance, ever nearer and nearer to the king, but stopping and remaining fixed at intervals, like the spider, which, moving towards her object, collapses into apparent lifelessness when she thinks she is the subject of observation. This species of movement appeared suspicious to the Ethiopian, who, on his part, prepared himself as quietly as possible to interfere, the instant that interference should seem to be necessary.

The marabout meanwhile glided on gradually and imperceptibly, serpent-like, or rather snail-like, till he was about ten yards' distance from Richard's person, when, starting on his feet, he sprung forward with the bound of a tiger, stood at the king's back in less than an instant, and brandished aloft the cangiar, or poniard, which he had hidden in his sleeve.



Not the presence of his whole army could have saved their heroic monarch; but the motions of the Nubian had been as well calculated as those of the enthusiast, and, ere the latter could strike, the former caught his uplifted arm. Turning his fanatical wrath upon what thus unexpectedly interposed betwixt him and his object, the Charegite, for such was the seeming marabout, dealt the Nubian a blow with the dagger, which, however, only grazed his arm, while the far superior strength of the Ethiopian easily dashed him to the ground.

Aware of what had passed, Richard had now arisen, and with little more of surprise, anger, or interest of any kind in his countenance, than an ordinary man would show in brushing off and crushing an intrusive wasp, caught up the stool on which he had been sitting, and exclaiming only, "Ha, dog!" dashed almost to pieces the skull of the assassin, who uttered twice, once in a loud and once in a broken tone, the words "Allah ackbar!" — God is victorious, — and expired at the king's feet.

"Ye are careful warders," said Richard to his archers, in a tone of scornful reproach, as, aroused by the bustle of what had passed, in terror and tumult they now rushed into his tent; "watchful sentinels ye are, to leave me to do such hangman's work with my own hand. Be silent all of you, and cease your senseless clamor! Saw ye never a dead Turk before? Here — cast that carrion out of the camp, strike the head from the trunk, and stick it on a lance, taking care to turn the face to Mecca, that he may the easier tell the foul impostor, on whose inspiration he came hither, how he has sped on his errand. — For thee, my swart and silent

friend," he added, turning to the Ethiopian — "But how's this? thou art wounded, and with a poisoned weapon, I warrant me, for by force of stab so weak an animal as that could scarce hope to do more than rase the lion's hide. Suck the poison from his wound, one of you : the venom is harmless on the lips, though fatal when it mingles with the blood."

The yeomen looked on each other confusedly and with hesitation, the apprehension of so strange a danger prevailing with those who feared no other.

"How now, sirrahs?" continued the king, "are you dainty-lipped, or do you fear death, that you dally thus?"

"Not the death of a man," said Long Allan, to whom the king looked as he spoke; "but methinks I would not die like a poisoned rat for the sake of a black chattel there, that is bought and sold in a market like a Martlemas ox."

"His Grace speaks to men of sucking poison," muttered another yeoman, "as if he said, Go to, swallow a gooseberry!"

"Nay," said Richard, "I never bade man do that which I would not do myself."

And without further ceremony, and in spite of the general expostulations of those around, and the respectful opposition of the Nubian himself, the king of England applied his lips to the wound of the black slave, treating with ridicule all remonstrances, and overpowering all resistance. He had no sooner intermitted his singular occupation, than the Nubian started from him, and, casting a scarf over his arm, intimated by gestures, as firm in purpose as they were respectful in manner,

his determination not to permit the monarch to renew so degrading an employment. Long Allan also interposed, saying that if it were necessary to prevent the king engaging again in a treatment of this kind, his own lips, tongue, and teeth were at the service of the negro (as he called the Ethiopian), and that he would eat him up bodily, rather than King Richard's mouth should again approach him.

Neville, who entered with other officers, added his remonstrances.

"Nay, nay, make not a needless halloo about a hart that the hounds have lost, or a danger when it is over," said the king. "The wound will be a trifle, for the blood is scarce drawn, — an angry cat had dealt a deeper scratch, — and, for me, I have but to take a dram of orvietan by way of precaution, though it is needless."

Thus spoke Richard, a little ashamed, perhaps, of his own condescension, though sanctioned both by humanity and gratitude. But when Neville continued to make remonstrances on the peril to his royal person, the king imposed silence on him.

"Peace, I prithee: make no more of it. I did it but to show these ignorant prejudiced knaves how they might help each other when these cowardly caitiffs come against us with sarbacanes and poisoned shafts."



## YOUNG LOCHINVAR.

OH, young Lochinvar is come out of the west ;  
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best ;  
And save his good broadsword he weapon had none :  
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.  
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,  
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,  
He swam the Esk River where ford there was none ;  
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,  
The bride had consented — the gallant came late :  
For a laggard in love and a dastard in war  
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby hall,  
Among bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers and all :  
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword  
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word),  
"Ho ! come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,  
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar ?"

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied.  
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide :  
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine  
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.  
There are maidens in Scotland, more lovely by far,  
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet ; the knight took it up,  
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup ;  
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,  
With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.  
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar, —  
“ Now tread we a measure ! ” said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,  
That never a hall such a galliard did grace ;  
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,  
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and  
plume ;  
And the bride-maidens whispered, “ Twere better by far  
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar.”

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,  
When they reached the hall door, and the charger stood  
near ;  
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,  
So light to the saddle before her he sprung ! —  
“ She is won ! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur !  
They’ll have fleet steeds that follow ! ” quoth young  
Lochinvar.

There was mounting ’mong Græmes of the Netherby  
clan ;  
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they  
ran ;  
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie lee,  
But the lost bride of Netherby ne’er did they see !  
So daring in love and so dauntless in war,  
Have ye e’er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar ?

## SONG OF THE HEBREW MAID.

WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,  
Out from the land of bondage came,  
Her father's God before her moved,  
An awful guide, in smoke and flame.  
By day along the astonished lands  
The cloudy pillar glided slow ;  
By night Arabia's crimsoned sands  
Returned the fiery pillar's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,  
And trump and timbrel answered keen ;  
And Zion's daughters poured their lays,  
With priests' and warriors' voice between.  
No portents now our foes amaze,  
Forsaken Israel wanders lone ;  
Our fathers would not know Thy ways,  
And Thou hast left them to their own.

But present still, though now unseen !  
When brightly shines the prosperous day,  
Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen  
To temper the deceitful ray.  
And, oh ! when stoops on Judah's path,  
In shade and storm, the frequent night,  
Be Thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,  
A burning and a shining light.

Our harps we left by Babel's streams,  
The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn ;  
No censer round our altar beams,  
And mute are timbrel, trump and horn.  
But Thou hast said : " The blood of goat,  
The flesh of rams, I will not prize :  
A contrite heart, an humble thought,  
Are mine accepted sacrifice."



## CHARLES LAMB.

1775-1834.

HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.<sup>1</sup>

## FIRST READING.

*ad-dressed'*, betook.*min'is-ters*, angels, messengers.*re-lā'tion*, narrative.*re-moved'*, remote, separate.*shrewd*, keen.*un-ad-vised'*, blameworthy.

GERTRUDE, Queen of Denmark, becoming a widow by the sudden death of King Hamlet, in less than two months after his death married his brother Claudius, which was noted by all people at the time for a strange act of indiscretion, or unfeelingness, or worse.

For this Claudius did no ways resemble her late husband in the qualities of his person or his mind, but was as contemptible in outward appearance as he was base and unworthy of disposition; and suspicions did not fail to arise in the minds of some, that he had privately made away with his brother, the late king, with the view of marrying his widow, and ascending the throne of Denmark, to the exclusion of young Hamlet, the son of the buried king, and lawful successor to the throne.

But upon no one did this unadvised action of the queen make such an impression as upon this young prince, who loved and venerated the memory of his dead father almost to idolatry, and being of a nice sense of honor, and a most exquisite practiser of propriety himself, did sorely take to heart this unworthy conduct

<sup>1</sup> From Lamb's *Tales from Shakespeare*.



of his mother Gertrude ; insomuch that, between grief for his father's death, and shame for his mother's marriage, this young prince was overclouded with a deep melancholy, and lost all his mirth and all his good looks. All his customary pleasure in books forsook him ; his princely exercises and sports, proper to his youth, were no longer acceptable. He grew weary of the world, which seemed to him an unweeded garden, where all the wholesome flowers are choked up, and nothing but weeds could thrive.

Not that the prospect of exclusion from the throne, his lawful inheritance, weighed so much upon his spirits, though that to a young and high-minded prince was a bitter wound and a sore indignity ; but what so galled him, and took away all his cheerful spirits, was, that his mother had shown herself so forgetful to his father's memory.

And such a father ! who had been to her so loving and so gentle a husband ! And then she always appeared as loving and obedient a wife to him, and would hang upon him as if her affection grew to him. And now within two months, or as it seemed to young Hamlet, less than two months, she had married again, married his uncle, her dead husband's brother, in itself a highly improper and unlawful marriage, from the nearness of relationship, but made much more so by the indecent haste with which it was concluded, and the unkingly character of the man whom she had chosen. This it was which, more than the loss of ten kingdoms, dashed the spirits, and brought a cloud over the mind of this honorable young prince.

In vain was all that his mother, Gertrude, or the king

could do to contrive to divert him. He still appeared in court in a suit of deep black, as mourning for the king his father's death, which mode of dress he never laid aside, not even in compliment to his mother upon the day she was married, nor could he be brought to join in any of the festivities or rejoicings of that (as it appeared to him) disgraceful day.

What mostly troubled him was an uncertainty about the manner of his father's death. It was given out by Claudius that a serpent had stung him; but young Hamlet had shrewd suspicions that Claudius himself was the serpent,—in plain English, that he had murdered him for his crown, and that the serpent who stung his father did now sit on his throne.

How far he was right in this conjecture, and what he ought to think of his mother, how far she was privy to this murder, and whether by her consent or knowledge, or without, it came to pass, were the doubts which continually harassed and distracted him.

A rumor had reached the ear of young Hamlet, that an apparition exactly resembling the dead king, his father, had been seen by the soldiers upon watch, on the platform before the palace at midnight, for two or three nights successively.

The figure came constantly clad in the same suit of armor, from head to foot, which the dead king was known to have worn; and they who saw it (Hamlet's bosom friend was one) agreed in their testimony as to the time and manner of its appearance; that it came just as the clock struck twelve; that it looked pale, with a face more of sorrow than of anger; that its beard was grizzly, and the color a *sable silvered*, as they had seen it

in his lifetime ; that it made no answer when they spoke to it, yet once they thought it lifted up its head, and addressed itself to motion as if it were about to speak ; but in that moment the morning cock crew, and it shrunk in haste away, and vanished out of their sight.

The young prince, strangely amazed at their relation, which was too consistent and agreeing with itself to disbelieve, concluded that it was his father's ghost which they had seen, and determined to take his watch with the soldiers that night, that he might have a chance of seeing it ; for he reasoned with himself that such an appearance did not come for nothing, but that the ghost had something to impart ; and though it had been silent hitherto, yet it would speak to him. And he waited with impatience for the coming of night.

When night came, he took his stand with Horatio and Marcellus, one of the guard, upon the platform, where this apparition was accustomed to walk ; and it being a cold night, and the air unusually raw and nipping, Hamlet and Horatio and their companion fell into some talk about the coldness of the night, which was suddenly broken off by Horatio announcing that the ghost was coming.

At the sight of his father's spirit, Hamlet was struck with a sudden surprise and fear. He at first called upon the angels and heavenly ministers to defend them, for he knew not whether it were a good spirit or bad ; whether it came for good or for evil ; but he gradually assumed more courage ; and his father (as it seemed to him) looked upon him so piteously, and as it were desiring to have conversation with him, and did in all respects appear so like himself as he was when he lived, that Hamlet could not help addressing him.

He called him by his name, Hamlet, King, Father! and conjured him that he would tell the reason why he had left his grave, where they had seen him quietly bestowed, to come again and visit the earth and the moonlight; and besought him that he would let them know if there was any thing which they could do to give peace to his spirit.

And the ghost beckoned to Hamlet, that he should go with him to some more removed place where they might be alone. And Horatio and Marcellus would have dissuaded the young prince from following it, for they feared lest it should be some evil spirit, who would tempt him to the neighboring sea, or to the top of some dreadful cliff, and there put on some horrible shape which might deprive the prince of his reason.

But their counsels and entreaties could not alter Hamlet's determination, who cared too little about life to fear the losing of it; and as to his soul, he said, what could the spirit do to that, being a thing immortal as itself? and he felt as hardy as a lion, and bursting from them, who did all they could to hold him, he followed whithersoever the spirit led him.

And when they were alone together the spirit broke silence, and told him that he was the ghost of Hamlet his father, who had been cruelly murdered, and he told the manner of it; that it was done by his own brother Claudius, Hamlet's uncle, as Hamlet had already but too much suspected, for the hope of succeeding him.

That as he was sleeping in his garden, — his custom always in the afternoon, — this treasonous brother stole upon him in his sleep, and poured the juice of poisonous henbane into his ears, which has such an antipathy to

the life of man, that swift as quicksilver it courses through all the veins of the body, baking up the blood, and spreading a crust-like leprosy all over the skin. Thus sleeping, by a brother's hand, he was cut off at once from his crown, his queen, and his life; and he adjured Hamlet, if he did ever his dear father love, that he would revenge his foul murder.

And the ghost lamented to his son that his mother should so fall off from virtue, as to prove false to the wedded love of her first husband, and to marry his murderer; but he cautioned Hamlet, howsoever he proceeded in his revenge against his wicked uncle, by no means to act any violence against the person of his mother, but to leave her to Heaven, and to the stings and thorns of conscience. Hamlet promised to observe the ghost's directions in all things, and the ghost vanished.

And when Hamlet was left alone, he took up a solemn resolution, that all he had in his memory, all that he had ever learned by books or observation, should be instantly forgotten by him, and nothing live in his brain but the memory of what the ghost had told him, and enjoined him to do.

Hamlet related the particulars of the conversation which had passed to none but his dear friend Horatio; and he enjoined both to him and Marcellus the strictest secrecy as to what they had seen that night.

The terror which the sight of the ghost had left upon the senses of Hamlet, he being weak and dispirited before, almost unhinged his mind, and drove him beside his reason. And he, fearing that it would continue to have this effect, which might subject him to observation,

and set his uncle upon his guard, if he suspected that he was meditating any thing against him, or that Hamlet really knew more of his father's death than he professed, took up a strange resolution from that time to counterfeit as if he were really and truly mad; thinking that he would be less an object of suspicion when his uncle should believe him incapable of any serious project, and that his real perturbation of mind would be best covered and pass concealed under a disguise of pretended lunacy.



### HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

#### SECOND READING.

*brave, defy, challenge.*  
*Lā-er'tes (-tēz).*

| *priv'y to, informed of.*  
| *round'est, most positive.*

FROM this time Hamlet affected a certain wildness and strangeness in his apparel, his speech, and behavior, and did so excellently counterfeit the madman, that the king and queen were both deceived, and not thinking his grief for his father's death a sufficient cause to produce such a distemper, — for they knew not of the appearance of the ghost, — they concluded that his malady was love, and they thought they had found out the object.

Before Hamlet fell into the melancholy way which has been related, he had dearly loved a fair maid called Ophelia, the daughter of Polonius, the king's chief counselor in affairs of state. He had sent her letters and rings, and made many tenders of his affection to her, and importuned her with love in honorable fashion; and she had given belief to his vows and importunities.

But the melancholy which he fell into latterly had made him neglect her, and from the time he conceived the project of counterfeiting madness, he affected to treat her with unkindness and a sort of rudeness. But she, good lady, rather than reproach him with being false to her, persuaded herself that it was nothing but the disease in his mind, and no settled unkindness, which made him less observant of her than formerly; and she compared the faculties of his once noble mind and excellent understanding, impaired as they were with the deep melancholy that oppressed him, to sweet bells which in themselves are capable of most exquisite music, but when jangled out of tune or rudely handled, produce only a harsh and displeasing sound.

Though the rough business which Hamlet had in hand—the revenging of his father’s death upon his murderer—did not suit with the playful state of courtship, or admit of the society of so idle a passion as love now seemed to him, yet it could not hinder but that soft thoughts of his Ophelia would come between; and in one of these moments, when he thought that his treatment of this gentle lady had been unreasonably harsh, he wrote her a letter full of wild starts of passion, and in extravagant terms, such as agreed with his supposed madness, but mixed with some gentle touches of affection which could not but show to this honored lady that a deep love for her yet lay at the bottom of his heart.

He bade her to doubt the stars were fire, and to doubt that the sun did move; to doubt truth to be a liar, but never to doubt that he loved; with more of such extravagant phrases.

This letter Ophelia dutifully showed to her father, and

the old man thought himself bound to communicate it to the king and queen, who from that time supposed the true cause of Hamlet's madness was love. And the queen wished that the good beauties of Ophelia might be the happy cause of his wildness, for so she hoped that her virtues might happily restore him to his accustomed way again to both their honors.

But Hamlet's malady lay deeper than she supposed, or than could be so cured. His father's ghost, which he had seen, still haunted his imagination, and the sacred injunction to revenge his murder gave him no rest till it was accomplished. Every hour of delay seemed to him a sin, and a violation of his father's commands. Yet how to compass the death of the king, surrounded as he constantly was with his guards, was no easy matter.

Or, if it had been, the presence of the queen, Hamlet's mother, who was generally with the king, was a restraint upon his purpose, which he could not break through. Besides, the very circumstance that the usurper was his mother's husband filled him with some remorse, and still blunted the edge of his purpose. The mere act of putting a fellow-creature to death was in itself odious and terrible to a disposition naturally so gentle as Hamlet's was.

His very melancholy, and the dejection of spirits he had so long been in, produced an irresoluteness and wavering of purpose which kept him from proceeding to extremities. Moreover, he could not help having some scruples upon his mind whether the spirit which he had seen was indeed his father, or whether it might not be the devil, who, he had heard, has power to take



any form he pleases, and who might have assumed his father's shape only to take advantage of his weakness and his melancholy, to drive him to the doing of so desperate an act as murder. And he determined that he would have more certain grounds to go upon than a vision or apparition, which might be a delusion.

While he was in this irresolute mind, there came to the court certain players, in whom Hamlet formerly used to take delight, and particularly to hear one of them speak a tragical speech, describing the death of old Priam, King of Troy, with the grief of Hecuba his queen.

Hamlet welcomed his old friends the players, and, remembering how that speech had formerly given him pleasure, requested the player to repeat it, which he did in so lively a manner, setting forth the cruel murder of the feeble old king, with the destruction of his people and city by fire, and the mad grief of the old queen running barefoot up and down the palace with a poor clout upon that head where a crown had been, and with nothing but a blanket upon her loins, snatched up in haste, where she had worn a royal robe, — that not only it drew tears from all that stood by, who thought they saw the real scene, so lively was it represented, but even the player himself delivered it with a broken voice and real tears.

This put Hamlet upon thinking: if that player could so work himself up to passion by a mere fictitious speech, to weep for one that he had never seen, — for Hecuba that had been dead so many hundred years, — how dull was he, who having a real motive and cue for passion, a real king and a dear father murdered, was yet so little

moved that his revenge all this while had seemed to have slept in dull and muddy forgetfulness!

And while he meditated on actors and acting, and the powerful effects which a good play represented to the life has upon the spectator, he remembered the instance of some murderer who, seeing a murder on the stage, was, by the mere force of the scene and resemblance of circumstances, so affected that on the spot he confessed the crime which he had committed.

And he determined that these players should play something like the murder of his father before his uncle, and he would watch narrowly what effect it might have upon him, and from his looks he would be able to gather with more certainty if he were the murderer or not. To this effect he ordered a play to be prepared, to the representation of which he invited the king and queen.

The story of the play was of a murder done in Vienna, upon a duke. The duke's name was Gonzago, his wife Baptista. The play showed how one Lucianus, a near relation to the duke, poisoned him in his garden for his estate, and how the murderer in a short time after got the love of Gonzago's wife.

At the representation of this play the king, who did not know the trap which was laid for him, was present with his queen and the whole court,—Hamlet sitting attentively near him to observe his looks. The play began with a conversation between Gonzago and his wife, in which the lady made many protestations of love, and of never marrying a second husband if she should outlive Gonzago, wishing she might be accursed if ever she took a second husband, and adding that no

woman ever did so but those wicked women who kill their first husbands.

Hamlet observed the king, his uncle, change color at this expression, and that it was as bad as wormwood both to him and to the queen. But when Lucianus, according to the story, came to poison Gonzago sleeping in the garden, the strong resemblance which it bore to his own wicked act upon the late king, his brother, whom he had poisoned in his garden, so struck upon the conscience of this usurper that he was unable to sit out the rest of the play; but, on a sudden, calling for lights to his chamber, and affecting or partly feeling a sudden sickness, he abruptly left the theater. The king being departed, the play was given over.

Now Hamlet had seen enough to be satisfied that the words of the ghost were true and no illusion; and in a fit of gayety, like that which comes over a man who suddenly has some great doubt or scruple resolved, he swore to Horatio that he would take the ghost's word for a thousand pounds. But before he could make up his resolution as to what measure of revenge he should take, now he was certainly informed that his uncle was his father's murderer, he was sent for by the queen, his mother, to a private conference in her closet.

It was by desire of the king that the queen sent for Hamlet, that she might signify to her son how much his late behavior had displeased them both; and, the king wishing to know all that had passed at that conference, and thinking that the too partial report of a mother might let slip some part of Hamlet's words, which it might much import the king to know, Polonius, the old counselor of state, was ordered to plant

himself behind the hangings in the queen's closet, where he might, unseen, hear all that passed. This artifice was particularly adapted to the disposition of Polonius, who was a man grown old in crooked maxims and policies of state, and delighted to get at the knowledge of matters in an indirect and cunning way.

— — —

### HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

#### THIRD READING.

*cue*, reason.

*im-port'*, concern.

| *re-solved'*, solved, explained.

| *ten'ders*, offers.

HAMLET being come to his mother, she began to tax him in the roundest way with his actions and behavior, and she told him that he had given great offense to *his father*, meaning the king, his uncle, whom, because he had married her, she called Hamlet's father.

Hamlet, sorely indignant that she would give so dear and honored a name as father seemed to him, to a wretch who was indeed no better than the murderer of his true father, with some sharpness replied, "Mother, you have much offended *my father!*" The queen said that was but an idle answer. "As good as the question deserved," said Hamlet.

The queen asked him if he had forgotten who it was he was speaking to. "Alas!" replied Hamlet, "I wish I could forget. You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife; and you are my mother; I wish you were not what you are." — "Nay, then," said the queen,

“if you show me so little respect, I will set those to you that can speak,” and was going to send the king or Polonius to him.

But Hamlet would not let her go, now he had her alone, till he had tried if his words could not bring her to some sense of her wicked life; and, taking her by the wrist, he held her fast, and made her sit down. She, affrighted at his earnest manner, and fearful lest in his lunacy he should do her a mischief, cried out, and a voice was heard from behind the hangings, “Help, help, the queen!” which Hamlet hearing, and verily thinking that it was the king himself there concealed, he drew his sword, and stabbed at the place where the voice came from, as he would have stabbed a rat that ran there, till, the voice ceasing, he concluded the person to be dead.

But when he dragged forth the body, it was not the king, but Polonius, the old officious counselor, that had planted himself as a spy, behind the hangings. “Oh, me!” exclaimed the queen, “what a rash and bloody deed have you done!”—“A bloody deed, mother,” replied Hamlet, “but not so bad as yours, who killed a king and married his brother.”

Hamlet had gone too far to leave off here. He was now in the humor to speak plainly to his mother, and he pursued it. And though the faults of parents are to be tenderly treated by their children, yet in the case of great crimes, the son may have leave to speak even to his own mother with some harshness, so as that harshness is meant for her good, and to turn her from her wicked ways, and not done for the purpose of upbraiding.

And now, this virtuous prince did in moving terms represent to the queen the heinousness of her offense, in being so forgetful of the dead king, his father, as in so short a space of time to marry with his brother and reputed murderer ; such an act as, after the vows which she had sworn to her first husband, was enough to make all vows of women suspected, and all virtue to be accounted hypocrisy, wedding contracts to be less than gamesters' oaths, and religion to be a mockery and a mere form of words.

He said she had done such a deed, that the heavens blushed at it, and the earth was sick of her because of it. And he showed her two pictures, the one of the late king, her first husband, and the other of the present king, her second husband, and he bade her mark the difference ; what a grace was on the brow of his father, how like a god he looked ! the curls of Apollo, the forehead of Jupiter, the eye of Mars, and a posture like to Mercury newly alighted on some heaven-kissing hill ! this man, he said, *had been* her husband. And then he showed her whom she had got in his stead ; how like a blight or a mildew he looked, for so he had blasted his wholesome brother.

And the queen was sore ashamed that he should so turn her eyes inward upon her soul, which she now saw so black and deformed. And he asked her how she could continue to live with this man and be a wife to him, who had murdered her first husband, and got the crown by as false means as a thief — And just as he spoke, the ghost of his father, such as he was in his lifetime, and such as he had lately seen it, entered the room, and Hamlet, in great terror, asked what it would

have ; and the ghost said that it came to remind him of the revenge he had promised, which Hamlet seemed to have forgot ; and the ghost bade him speak to his mother, for the grief and terror she was in would else kill her.

It then vanished, and was seen by none but Hamlet, neither could he, by pointing to where it stood, or by any description, make his mother perceive it ; who was terribly frightened all this while, to hear him conversing, as it seemed to her, with nothing, and she imputed it to the disorder of his mind.

But Hamlet begged her not to flatter her wicked soul in such a manner as to think that it was his madness, and not her own offenses, which had brought his father's spirit again on the earth. And he bade her feel his pulse, how temperately it beat, not like a madman's. And he begged of her with tears, to confess herself to Heaven for what was past, and for the future to avoid the company of the king, and be no more as a wife to him ; and when she should show herself a mother to him, by respecting his father's memory, he would ask a blessing of her as a son. And, she promising to observe his directions, the conference ended.

And now Hamlet was at leisure to consider who it was that in his unfortunate rashness he had killed ; and when he came to see that it was Polonius, the father of the lady Ophelia, whom he so dearly loved, he drew apart the dead body, and, his spirits being now a little quieter, he wept for what he had done.

This unfortunate death of Polonius gave the king a pretense for sending Hamlet out of the kingdom. He would willingly have put him to death, fearing him as

dangerous; but he dreaded the people, who loved Hamlet, and the queen, who, with all her faults, doted upon the prince, her son.

So this subtle king, under pretense of providing for Hamlet's safety, that he might not be called to account for Polonius's death, caused him to be conveyed on board a ship bound for England, under the care of two courtiers, by whom he dispatched letters to the English court, which at that time was in subjection and paid tribute to Denmark, requiring, for special reasons there pretended, that Hamlet should be put to death as soon as he landed on English ground.

Hamlet, suspecting some treachery, in the night time secretly got at the letters, and skillfully erasing his own name, he, in the stead of it, put in the names of those two courtiers, who had the charge of him to be put to death; then, sealing up the letters, he put them in their place again.

Soon after, the ship was attacked by pirates, and a sea-fight commenced, in the course of which Hamlet, desirous to show his valor, with sword in hand singly boarded the enemy's vessel; while his own ship in a cowardly manner bore away, and, leaving him to his fate, the two courtiers made the best of their way to England, charged with those letters, the sense of which Hamlet had altered to their own deserved destruction.

The pirates, who had the prince in their power, showed themselves gentle enemies; and knowing whom they had got prisoner, in the hope that the prince might do them a good turn at court in recompense for any favor they might show him, they set Hamlet on shore at the nearest port in Denmark.



From that place Hamlet wrote to the king, acquainting him with the strange chance which had brought him back to his own country, and saying that on the next day he should present himself before his majesty. When he got home, a sad spectacle offered itself the first thing to his eyes. This was the funeral of the young and beautiful Ophelia, his once dear mistress.

The wits of this young lady had begun to turn ever since her poor father's death. That he should die a violent death, and by the hands of the prince whom she loved, so affected this tender young maid, that in a little time she grew perfectly distracted, and would go about giving flowers away to the ladies of the court, and saying that they were for her father's burial, singing songs about love and about death, and sometimes such as had no meaning at all, as if she had no memory of what had happened to her.

There was a willow which grew slanting over a brook, and reflected its leaves in the stream. To this brook she came one day when she was unwatched, with garlands she had been making, mixed up of daisies and nettles, flowers and weeds together; and clambering up to hang her garland upon the boughs of the willow, a bough broke and precipitated this fair young maid, garland and all that she had gathered, into the water, where her clothes bore her up for awhile, during which she chanted scraps of old tunes, like one insensible to her own distress, or as if she were a creature natural to that element; but it was not long before her garments, heavy with the wet, pulled her in from her melodious singing to a muddy and miserable death.

It was the funeral of this fair maid which her brother

Laertes was celebrating, the king and queen and whole court being present when Hamlet arrived. He knew not what all this show imported, but stood on one side, not inclining to interrupt the ceremony. He saw the flowers strewed upon her grave, as the custom was in maiden burials, which the queen herself threw in; and as she threw them, she said, "Sweets to the sweet! I thought to have decked thy bride-bed, sweet maid, not to have strewed thy grave. Thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife."

And he heard her brother wish that violets might spring from her grave; and he saw him leap into the grave, all frantic with grief, and bid the attendants pile mountains of earth upon him, that he might be buried with her. And Hamlet's love for this fair maid came back to him, and he could not bear that a brother should show so much transport of grief, for he thought that he loved Ophelia better than forty thousand brothers.

Then discovering himself, he leaped into the grave where Laertes was, all as frantic or more frantic than he, and Laertes, knowing him to be Hamlet, who had been the cause of his father's and his sister's death, grappled him by the throat as an enemy, till the attendants parted them; and Hamlet, after the funeral, excused his hasty act in throwing himself into the grave as if to brave Laertes; but he said he could not bear that any one should seem to outgo him in grief for the death of the fair Ophelia. And for the time these two noble youths seemed reconciled.

But out of the grief and anger of Laertes for the death of his father and Ophelia, the king, Hamlet's

wicked uncle, contrived destruction for Hamlet. He set on Laertes, under cover of peace and reconciliation, to challenge Hamlet to a friendly trial of skill at fencing, which Hamlet accepting, a day was appointed to try the match.

At this match all the court was present ; and Laertes, by direction of the king, prepared a poisoned weapon. Upon this match great wagers were laid by the courtiers, as both Hamlet and Laertes were known to excel at this sword-play ; and Hamlet, taking up the foils, chose one, not at all suspecting the treachery of Laertes, or being careful to examine Laertes's weapon, who, instead of a foil or blunted sword, which the laws of fencing require, made use of one with a point, and poisoned.

At first, Laertes did play with Hamlet, and suffered him to gain some advantages, which the dissembling king magnified and extolled beyond measure, drinking to Hamlet's success, and wagering rich bets upon the issue ; but after a few passes, Laertes, growing warm, made a deadly thrust at Hamlet with his poisoned weapon, and gave him a mortal blow.

Hamlet incensed, but not knowing the whole of the treachery, in the scuffle exchanged his own innocent weapon for Laertes' deadly one, and with a thrust of Laertes' own sword repaid Laertes home, who was thus justly caught in his own treachery.

In this instant the queen shrieked that she was poisoned. She had inadvertently drunk out of a bowl which the king had prepared for Hamlet, in case that being warm in fencing he should call for drink ; into this the treacherous king had infused a deadly poison,

to make sure of Hamlet if Laertes had failed. He had forgotten to warn the queen of the bowl, which she drank off and immediately died, exclaiming with her last breath that she was poisoned.

Hamlet, suspecting some treachery, ordered the doors to be shut while he sought it out. Laertes told him to seek no further, for he was the traitor ; and, feeling his life go away with the wound which Hamlet had given him, he made confession of the treachery he had used, and how he had fallen a victim to it ; and he told Hamlet of the envenomed point, and said that Hamlet had not half an hour to live, for no medicine could cure him ; and, begging forgiveness of Hamlet, he died, with his last words accusing the king of being the contriver of the mischief.

When Hamlet saw his end draw near, there being yet some venom left upon the sword, he suddenly turned upon his false uncle, and thrust the point of it to his heart, fulfilling the promise which he had made to his father's spirit, whose injunction was now accomplished, and his foul murder revenged upon the murderer.

Then Hamlet, feeling his breath fail and life departing, turned to his dear friend Horatio, who had been spectator of this fatal tragedy ; and with his dying breath requested him that he would live to tell his story to the world (for Horatio had made a motion as if he would slay himself to accompany the prince in death), and Horatio promised that he would make a true report as one that was privy to all the circumstances.

And, thus satisfied, the noble heart of Hamlet cracked ; and Horatio and the bystanders with many

tears commended the spirit of their sweet prince to the guardianship of angels. For Hamlet was a loving and a gentle prince, and greatly beloved for his many noble and prince-like qualities; and if he had lived, would no doubt have proved a most royal and complete king to Denmark.



#### DREAM-CHILDREN: A REVERY.

<p><i>ap-pa-rition</i> (-rish'un), appearance.  <i>Lē'the</i>, the fabled river of oblivion.  <i>Nor'folk</i> (nor'fok).</p>	<p><i>Psal'ter-y</i> (saw'll'er-y), part of the          book of Common Prayer.  <i>taw'dry</i>, showy without taste.</p>
--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

CHILDREN love to listen to stories about their elders, when *they* were children; to stretch their imagination to the conception of a traditionary great-uncle or grand-dame, whom they never saw. It was in this spirit that my little ones crept about me the other evening to hear about their great-grandmother Field, who lived in a great house in Norfolk (a hundred times bigger than that in which they and papa lived), which had been the scene—so, at least, it was generally believed in that part of the country—of the tragic incidents which they had lately become familiar with from the ballad of the Children in the Wood.

Certain it is that the whole story of the children and their cruel uncle was to be seen fairly carved out in wood upon the chimney-piece of the great hall, the whole story down to the Robin-Redbreasts! till a foolish rich person pulled it down to set up a marble one of modern invention in its stead, with no story upon it.

Here Alice put out one of her dear mother's looks, too tender to be called upbraiding.

Then I went on to say, how religious and how good their great-grandmother Field was, how beloved and respected by everybody, though she was not indeed the mistress of this great house, but had only the charge of it (and yet in some respects she might be said to be the mistress of it too), committed to her by the owner, who preferred living in a newer and more fashionable mansion which he had purchased somewhere in the adjoining county.

But she still lived in it in a manner as if it had been her own, and kept up the dignity of the great house in a sort while she lived, which afterwards came to decay, and was nearly pulled down, and all its old ornaments stripped and carried away to the owner's other house, where they were set up, and looked as awkward as if some one were to carry away the old tombs they had seen lately at the Abbey, and stick them up in Lady C.'s tawdry gilt drawing-room.

Here John smiled, as much as to say, "That would be foolish indeed." And then I told how, when she came to die, her funeral was attended by a concourse of all the poor, and some of the gentry too, of the neighborhood for many miles round, to show their respect for her memory, because she had been such a good and religious woman; so good indeed that she knew all the Psaltry by heart, ay, and a great part of the Testament besides. Here little Alice spread her hands.

Then I told what a tall, upright, graceful person their great-grandmother Field once was; and how in her youth she was esteemed the best dancer, — here Alice's

little right foot played an involuntary movement, till, upon my looking grave, it desisted, — the best dancer, I was saying, in the county, till a cruel disease, called a cancer, came, and bowed her down with pain; but it could never bend her good spirits, or make them stoop, but they were still upright, because she was so good and religious.

Then I told how she was used to sleep by herself in a lone chamber of the great lone house; and how she believed that an apparition of two infants was to be seen at midnight gliding up and down the great staircase near where she slept, but she said “those innocents would do her no harm;” and how frightened I used to be, though in those days I had my maid to sleep with me, because I was never half so good or religious as she, — and yet I never saw the infants. Here John expanded all his eyebrows and tried to look courageous.

Then I told how good she was to all her grandchildren, having us to the great house in the holidays, where I in particular used to spend many hours by myself, in gazing upon the old busts of the twelve Cæsars, that had been emperors of Rome, till the old marble heads would seem to live again, or I to be turned into marble with them; how I never could be tired with roaming about that huge mansion, with its vast empty rooms, with their worn-out hangings, fluttering tapestry, and carved oaken panels, with the gilding almost rubbed out, — sometimes in the spacious old-fashioned gardens, which I had almost to myself, unless when now and then a solitary gardening man would cross me.

And how the nectarines and peaches hung upon the

walls, without my ever offering to pluck them, because they were forbidden fruit, unless now and then, — and because I had more pleasure in strolling about among the old melancholy looking yew-trees, or the firs, and picking up the red berries, and the fir-apples, which were good for nothing but to look at, — or in lying about upon the fresh grass with all the fine garden smells around me, — or basking in the orangery, till I could almost fancy myself ripening too, along with the oranges and the limes in that grateful warmth, — or in watching the dace that darted to and fro in the fish-pond, at the bottom of the garden, with here and there a great sulky pike hanging midway down the water in silent state, as if it mocked at their impertinent friskings.

I had more pleasure in these busy-idle diversions than in all the sweet flavors of peaches, nectarines, oranges, and such-like common baits of children. Here John slyly deposited back upon the plate a bunch of grapes, which, not unobserved by Alice, he had meditated dividing with her, and both seemed willing to relinquish them for the present as irrelevant.

Then, in somewhat a more heightened tone, I told how, though their great-grandmother Field loved all her grandchildren, yet in an especial manner she might be said to love their uncle, John L——, because he was so handsome and spirited a youth, and a king to the rest of us; and, instead of moping about in solitary corners, like some of us, he would mount the most mettlesome horse he could get, when but an imp no bigger than themselves, and make it carry him half over the county in a morning, and join the hunters



when there were any out,—and yet he loved the old great house and gardens too, but had too much spirit to be always pent up within their boundaries.

And how their uncle grew up to man's estate as brave as he was handsome, to the admiration of everybody, but of their great-grandmother Field most especially; and how he used to carry me upon his back when I was a lame-footed boy,—for he was a good bit older than me,—many a mile when I could not walk for pain; and how in after life he became lame-footed too, and I did not always (I fear) make allowances enough for him when he was impatient, and in pain, nor remember sufficiently how considerate he had been to me when I was lame-footed; and how when he died, though he had not been dead an hour, it seemed as if he had died a great while ago, such a distance there is betwixt life and death; and how I bore his death as I thought pretty well at first, but afterwards it haunted and haunted me; and though I did not cry or take it to heart as some do, and as I think he would have done if I had died, yet I missed him all day long, and knew not till then how much I had loved him.

I missed his kindness, and I missed his crossness, and wished him to be alive again, to be quarreling with him (for we quarreled sometimes), rather than not have him again, and was as uneasy without him as he their poor uncle must have been when the doctor took off his limb. Here the children fell a-crying, and asked if their little mourning which they had on was not for Uncle John, and they looked up, and prayed me not to go on about their uncle, but to tell them some stories about their pretty dead mother.

Then I told how for seven long years, in hope sometimes, sometimes in despair, yet persisting ever, I courted the fair Alice W——n; and, as much as children could understand, I explained to them what coyness and difficulty and denial meant in maidens, — when suddenly, turning to Alice, the soul of the first Alice looked out at her eyes with such a reality of re-presentment, that I became in doubt which of them stood there before me, or whose that bright hair was; and while I stood gazing, both the children gradually grew fainter to my view, receding, and still receding, till nothing at last but too mournful features were seen in the uttermost distance, which, without speech, strangely impressed upon me the effects of speech: —

“We are not of Alice, nor of thee, nor are we children at all. The children of Alice call Bartrum father. We are nothing; less than nothing, and dreams. We are only what might have been, and must wait upon the tedious shores of Lethe millions of ages before we have existence, and a name;” and immediately awaking, I found myself quietly seated in my bachelor arm-chair, where I had fallen asleep, with the faithful Bridget unchanged by my side; but John L—— (or James Elia) was gone forever.



## MODERN GALLANTRY.

*ad-dit'a-ments*, additions.

*civ-il'i-ty*, civilization.

*dap'per*, small and lively; smart.

*def-er-en'tial*, expressing deference.

*der'o-gates*, detracts from.

*dis'si-pa-ted*, scattered.

*Dor'i-mant*, a gallant.

*eld*, old age.

*ker'nel*, gutter.

*mis'tress*, sweetheart.

*pa'geant*, a show.

*preux chevalier*, a brave knight.

IN comparing modern with ancient manners, we are pleased to compliment ourselves upon the point of gallantry, — a certain obsequiousness, or deferential respect, which we are supposed to pay to females as females.

I shall believe that this principle actuates our conduct when I can forget that, in the nineteenth century of the era from which we date our civility, we are but just beginning to leave off the very frequent practice of whipping females in public, in common with the coarsest male offenders.

I shall believe it to be influential, when I can shut my eyes to the fact, that in England women are still occasionally — hanged.

I shall believe in it, when actresses are no longer subject to be hissed off a stage by gentlemen.

I shall believe in it, when Dorimant hands a fishwife across the kennel, or assists the apple-woman to pick up her wandering fruit, which some unlucky dray has just dissipated.

I shall believe in it, when the Dorimants in humbler life, who would be thought in their way notable adepts

in this refinement, shall act upon it in places where they are not known, or think themselves not observed, — when I shall see the traveler for some rich tradesman part with his admired box-coat, to spread it over the defenseless shoulders of the poor woman who is passing to her parish on the roof of the same stage-coach with him, drenched in the rain, — when I shall no longer see a woman standing up in the pit of a London theater, till she is sick and faint with the exertion, with men about her seated at their ease, and jeering at her distress; till one, that seems to have more manners or conscience than the rest, significantly declares “she should be welcome to his seat, if she were a little younger and handsomer.” Place this dapper warehouseman, or that rider, in a circle of their own female acquaintance, and you shall confess you have not seen a politer-bred man in Lothbury.

Lastly, I shall begin to believe that there is some such principle influencing our conduct, when more than one-half of the drudgery and coarse servitude of the world shall cease to be performed by women.

Until that day comes, I shall never believe this boasted point to be any thing more than a conventional fiction; a pageant got up between the sexes, in a certain rank, and at a certain time of life, in which both find their account equally.

I shall be even disposed to rank it among the salutary fictions of life when in polite circles I shall see the same attentions paid to age as to youth, to homely features as to handsome, to coarse complexions as to clear, — to the woman, as she is a woman, not as she is a beauty, a fortune, or a title.

I shall believe it to be something more than a name when a well-dressed gentleman in a well-dressed company can advert to the topic of *female old age* without exciting and intending to excite a sneer; when the phrases "antiquated virginity," and, such a one has "overstood her market," pronounced in good company, shall raise immediate offense in man, or woman, that shall hear them spoken.

Joseph Paice, of Bread Street Hill, merchant, and one of the Directors of the South Sea Company, — the same to whom Edwards, the Shakspeare commentator, has addressed a fine sonnet, — was the only pattern of consistent gallantry I have met with. He took me under his shelter at an early age, and bestowed some pains upon me. I owe to his precepts and example whatever there is of the man of business (and that is not much) in my composition. It was not his fault that I did not profit more.

Though bred a Presbyterian, and brought up a merchant, he was the finest gentleman of his time. He had not *one* system of attention to females in the drawing-room, and *another* in the shop, or at the stall. I do not mean that he made no distinction. But he never lost sight of sex, or overlooked it in the casualties of a disadvantageous situation. I have seen him stand bareheaded — smile if you please — to a poor servant-girl, while she has been inquiring of him the way to some street, — in such a posture of unforced civility as neither to embarrass her in the acceptance, nor himself in the offer of it. He was no dangler, in the common acceptation of the word, after women; but he revered and upheld, in every form in which it came before him, *womanhood*.

I have seen him — nay, smile not — tenderly escorting a market-woman, whom he had encountered in a shower, exalting his umbrella over her poor basket of fruit, that it might receive no damage, with as much carefulness as if she had been a countess. To the reverend form of female old he would yield the wall (though it were to an ancient beggar-woman) with more ceremony than we can afford to show our grandams. He was the *preux chevalier* of age; the Sir Calidore, or Sir Tristan, to those who have no Calidores or Tristans to defend them. The roses, that had long faded thence, still bloomed for him in those withered and yellow cheeks.

He was never married, but in his youth he paid his addresses to the beautiful Susan Winstanley — old Winstanley's daughter of Clapton — who, dying in the early days of their courtship, confirmed in him the resolution of perpetual bachelorship. It was during their short courtship, he told me, that he had been one day treating his mistress with a profusion of civil speeches — the common gallantries — to which kind of thing she had hitherto manifested no repugnance; but in this instance with no effect. He could not obtain from her a decent acknowledgment in return. She rather seemed to resent his compliments. He could not set it down to caprice, for the lady had always shown herself above that littleness.

When he ventured on the following day, finding her a little better humored, to expostulate with her on her coldness of yesterday, she confessed, with her usual frankness, that she had no sort of dislike to his attentions; that she could even endure some high-flown compliments; that a young woman placed in

her situation had a right to expect all sorts of civil things said to her; that she hoped she could digest a dose of adulation, short of insincerity, with as little injury to her humility as most young women: but that — a little before he had commenced his compliments — she had overheard him by accident, in rather rough language, rating a young woman who had not brought home his cravats quite to the appointed time, and she thought to herself, “As I am Miss Susan Winstanley, and a young lady — a reputed beauty, and known to be a fortune — I can have my choice of the finest speeches from the mouth of this very fine gentleman who is courting me; but if I had been poor Mary Such-a-one (*naming the milliner*), and had failed of bringing home the cravats to the appointed hour, — though perhaps I had sat up half the night to forward them, — what sort of compliments should I have received then? And my woman’s pride came to my assistance, and I thought that if it were only to do *me* honor, a female, like myself, might have received handsomer usage; and I was determined not to accept any fine speeches to the compromise of that sex the belonging to which was, after all, my strongest claim and title to them.”

I think the lady discovered both generosity, and a just way of thinking, in this rebuke which she gave her lover; and I have sometimes imagined, that the uncommon strain of courtesy which through life regulated the actions and behavior of my friend towards all of woman-kind indiscriminately, owed its happy origin to this reasonable lesson from the lips of his lamented mistress.

I wish the whole female world would entertain the same notion of these things that Miss Winstanley

showed. Then we should see something of the spirit of consistent gallantry; and no longer witness the anomaly of the same man,—a pattern of true politeness to a wife, of cold contempt or rudeness to a sister,—the idolater of his female mistress,—the disparager and despiser of his no less female aunt, or unfortunate—still female—maiden cousin. Just so much respect as a woman derogates from her own sex, in whatever condition placed,—her handmaid or dependent,—she deserves to have diminished from herself on that score; and probably will feel the diminution, when youth, and beauty, and advantages, not inseparable from sex, shall lose of their attraction.

What a woman should demand of a man in courtship, or after it, is first—respect for her as she is a woman; and next to that—to be respected by him above all other women. But let her stand upon her female character as upon a foundation; and let the attentions incident to individual preference be so many pretty additaments and ornaments—as many, and as fanciful, as you please—to that main structure. Let her first lesson be—with sweet Susan Winstanley—to *reverence her sex*.





## THOMAS CAMPBELL

1777-1844.

'TIS DISTANCE LENDS ENCHANTMENT.<sup>1</sup>*ā-ē'ri-al*, belonging to the air.*az'ure* (*azh'ur*), sky-blue.*e'ther*, the supposed tenuous medium pervading all space.*o-bliv'ion*, realm of forgetfulness.*re-pair'*, call back.*spheres*, the planets.*un-meas'ured*, untrodden.

At summer's eve, when heaven's aërial bow  
 Spans, with bright arch, the glittering hills below,  
 Why to yon mountain turns the musing eye,  
 Whose sun-bright summit mingles with the sky?  
 Why do those hills of shadowy tint appear  
 More sweet than all the landscape smiling near?  
 'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,  
 And robes the mountain with its azure hue.  
 Thus, with delight, we linger to survey  
 The promised joys of life's unmeasured way;  
 Thus, from afar, each dim-discovered scene  
 More pleasing seems than all the past hath been;  
 And every form that fancy can repair  
 From dark oblivion, glows divinely there.

What potent spirit guides the raptured eye  
 To pierce the shades of dim futurity?  
 Can Wisdom lend, with all her boasted power,  
 The pledge of joy's anticipated hour?  
 Or, if she holds an image to the view,  
 'Tis nature pictured too severely true.  
 With thee, sweet Hope, resides the heavenly light,

<sup>1</sup> From *Pleasures of Hope*.

That pours remotest rapture on the sight;  
 Thine is the charm of life's bewildered way,  
 That calls each slumbering passion into play.

Eternal Hope! when yonder spheres sublime  
 Pealed their first notes to sound the march of time,  
 Thy joyous youth began — but not to fade.  
 When all the sister planets have decayed, —  
 When, wrapt in fire, the realms of ether glow, —  
 And Heaven's last thunder shakes the world below, —  
 Thou, undismayed, shalt o'er the ruins smile,  
 And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile.

UNFADING HOPE.<sup>1</sup>

*ad-a-man'tine* (-*tin*), like adamant.  
*bick'er-ing*, with a rattling noise.  
*car-eers'*, moves rapidly.  
*cha'os* (*kā'os*), void space.  
*cim-mē'ri-an*, deep, black.

*il-lumē'*, light up, illuminate.  
*phœ'nix* (*fē'niks*), a bird fabled to  
 rise again from its own ashes.  
*prē'lūde*, forerunner.  
*Sī'nai* (*sī'nā*).

UNFADING Hope! when life's last embers burn,  
 When soul to soul, and dust to dust return,  
 Heaven to thy charge resigns the awful hour:  
 Oh! then, thy kingdom comes. Immortal Power!  
 What though each spark of earth-born rapture fly  
 The quivering lip, pale cheek, and closing eye!  
 Bright to thy soul thy seraph hands convey  
 The morning dream of life's eternal day:  
 Then, then, the triumph and the trance begin,  
 And all the phoenix spirit burns within!

<sup>1</sup> From *Pleasures of Hope*.

Oh! deep-enchancing prelude to repose,  
The dawn of bliss, the twilight of our woes!  
Yet half I hear the panting spirit sigh,  
It is a dread and awful thing to die!  
Mysterious worlds, untraveled by the sun,  
Where Time's far wandering tide has never run,  
From your unfathomed shades, and viewless spheres,  
A warning comes, unheard by other ears.  
'Tis Heaven's commanding trumpet, long and loud,  
Like Sinai's thunder, pealing from the cloud;  
While Nature hears, to terror-mingled trust,  
The shock that hurls her fabric to the dust;  
And, like the trembling Hebrew, when he trod  
The roaring waves, and called upon his God,  
With mortal terrors clouds immortal bliss,  
And shrieks, and hovers o'er the dark abyss!

Daughter of Faith, awake, arise, illumine  
The dread unknown, the chaos of the tomb;  
Melt and dispel, ye specter-doubts, that roll  
Cimmerian darkness o'er the parting soul!  
Fly, like the moon-eyed herald of Dismay,  
Chased on his night-steed by the star of day!  
The strife is o'er — the pangs of Nature close,  
And life's last rapture triumphs o'er her woes.  
Hark! as the spirit eyes, with eagle gaze,  
The noon of Heaven undazzled by the blaze,  
On heavenly wings that waft her to the sky,  
Float the sweet tones of star-born melody;  
Wild as that hallowed anthem sent to hail  
Bethlehem's shepherds in the lonely vale,  
When Jordan hushed his waves, and midnight still  
Watched on the holy towers of Zion hill!

Soul of the just! companion of the dead!  
 Where is thy home, and whither art thou fled?  
 Back to its heavenly source thy being goes,  
 Swift as the comet wheels to whence he rose;  
 Doomed on his airy path awhile to burn,  
 And doomed, like thee, to travel and return.  
 Hark! from the world's exploding center driven,  
 With sounds that shook the firmament of Heaven,  
 Careers the fiery giant, fast and far,  
 On bickering wheels, and adamantine car;  
 From planet whirled to planet more remote,  
 He visits realms beyond the reach of thought;  
 But wheeling homeward, when his course is run,  
 Curbs the red yoke, and mingles with the sun:  
 So hath the traveler of earth unfurled  
 Her trembling wings, emerging from the world;  
 And o'er the path by mortal never trod,  
 Sprung to her source, the bosom of her God!



## THE EXILE OF ERIN.

*be-queaths'*, gives freely.

*cov'ert* (*kuv'ert*), shelter, hiding-  
 place.

*de-plore'*, bewail a loss.

*dote*, to love to excess.

*Erin go bragh*, long live Ireland.

*ma-vour'neen*, my darling.

*re-pair'ing*, going, resorting.

THERE came to the beach a poor exile of Erin,  
 The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill;  
 For his country he sighed, when at twilight repairing  
 To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill;

But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion ;  
For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean,  
Where once, in the fervor of youth's warm emotion,  
He sang the bold anthem of ERIN GO BRAGH !

"Sad is my fate!" said the heart-broken stranger :  
"The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee ;  
But I have no refuge from famine and danger :  
A home and a country remain not to me !  
Never again, in the green sunny bowers  
Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend the sweet  
hours :  
Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers,  
And strike to the numbers of ERIN GO BRAGH ! .

"Erin, my country! though sad and forsaken,  
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore ;  
But, alas! in a far, foreign land I awaken,  
And sigh for the friends that can meet me no more !  
Oh, cruel Fate! wilt thou never replace me  
In a mansion of peace, where no perils can chase me ?  
Never again shall my brothers embrace me :  
They died to defend me — or live to deplore.

"Where is my cabin-door, fast by the wildwood ?  
Sisters and sire, did ye weep for its fall ?  
Where is the mother that looked on my childhood ?  
And where is the bosom-friend, dearer than all ?  
Ah! my sad soul, long abandoned by pleasure !  
Why didst thou dote on a fast-fading treasure ?  
Tears, like the rain-drops, may fall without measure ;  
But rapture and beauty they can not recall !

“Yet — all its sad recollections suppressing  
 One dying wish my lone bosom shall draw : —  
 Erin ! an exile bequeaths thee — his blessing !  
 Land of my forefathers ! — ERIN GO BRAGH !  
 Buried and cold, when my heart stills her motion,  
 Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean !  
 And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion,  
 ERIN MAVOURNEEN ! ERIN GO BRAGH !”



## HOHENLINDEN.

*can'o-py*, the covering of smoke.

*chiv'al-ry* (*shiv'al-ry*), horsemen.

*Franks*, the French.

*Huns*, the Austrians.

*I'ser* (*z'zer*), a river of Germany.

*Lin'den*, for Hohenlinden, in Germany.

*Mu'nich* (*mü'nik*), capital of Bavaria.

ON Linden, when the sun was low,  
 All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,  
 And dark as winter was the flow  
 Of Iser rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,  
 When the drum beat at dead of night,  
 Commanding fires of death to light  
 The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,  
 Each horseman drew his battle-blade,  
 And furious every charger neighed,  
 To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills, with thunder riven ;  
Then rushed the steed, to battle driven ;  
And, louder than the bolts of heaven,  
Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet those fires shall glow  
On Linden's hills of crimsoned snow,  
And bloodier yet shall be the flow  
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon lurid sun  
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,  
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun  
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,  
Who rush to glory or the grave !  
Wave, Munich ! all thy banners wave,  
And charge with all thy chivalry !

Few, few shall part where many meet !  
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,  
And every turf beneath their feet  
Shall be a soldier's sepulcher.



## LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

*Loch-gyle'* (*lok-gīle'*), a lake in Scotland. | *wa'ter-wraith* (*-rāth*), water-spirit.  
*sore*, greatly. | *wight* (*wū*), man, person.  
 | *wir'some*, winning, attractive.

A CHIEFTAIN to the Highlands bound  
 Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!  
 And I'll give thee a silver pound  
 To row us o'er the ferry."

"Now, who be ye would cross Lochgyle,  
 This dark and stormy water?" —  
 "Oh, I am chief of Ulva's isle,  
 And this, Lord Ullin's daughter.

"And fast before her father's men  
 Three days we've fled together;  
 For, should he find us in the glen,  
 My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride:  
 Should they our steps discover,  
 Then who would cheer my bonny bride  
 When they have slain her lover?"

Out spoke the hardy island wight,  
 "I'll go, my chief; I'm ready:  
 It is not for your silver bright,  
 But for your winsome lady;



“And, by my word, the bonny bird  
In danger shall not tarry ;  
So, though the waves are raging white,  
I'll row you o'er the ferry.”

By this the storm grew loud apace,  
The water-wraith was shrieking,  
And in the scowl of heaven each face  
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,  
And as the night grew drearer,  
Adown the glen rode arméd men,  
Their tramping sounded nearer.

“Oh, haste thee, haste !” the lady cries ;  
“Though tempests round us gather :  
I'll meet the raging of the skies,  
But not an angry father.”

The boat has left a stormy land,  
A stormy sea before her, —  
When, oh ! too strong for human hand,  
The tempest gathered o'er her.

And still they rowed amidst the roar  
Of waters fast prevailing.  
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore :  
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For sore dismayed, through storm and shade,  
His child he did discover :

One lovely hand she stretched for aid,  
And one was round her lover.

“Come back! come back!” he cried in grief,  
“Across this stormy water;  
And I’ll forgive your Highland chief,  
My daughter! O my daughter!”

’Twas vain: the loud waves lashed the shore,  
Return or aid preventing.  
The waters wild went o’er his child,  
And he was left lamenting.



### LOCHIEL'S WARNING.

*a-vaunt'* (*-vaunt'*), begone.  
*clay'more*, a large two-handed sword.  
*crest'ed*, having a crest or symbol of  
rank.  
*do'tard*, one in his second childhood.  
*ey'ry* (*ā'ry*), the nests of birds of  
prey.

*Lo-chief'* (*lo-keel'*), a Highland chief-  
tain who fought for the Pretender  
on the field of Culloden.  
*peer'less*, without a peer or equal.  
*phan'tom*, a ghost, a specter.  
*reeks*, smokes.  
*sooth'less*, truthless, false.

### SEER.

Lochiel, Lochiel, beware of the day,  
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array;  
For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,  
And the clans of Culloden are scattered in flight:  
They rally, they bleed, for their country and crown, —  
Woe, woe to the riders that trample them down!  
Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,  
And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.

But, hark! through the fast-flashing lightning of war,  
 What steed to the desert flies frantic and far?  
 'Tis thine, O Glenullin! whose bride shall await,  
 Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate.  
 A steed comes at morning: no rider is there;  
 But its bridle is red with the sign of despair!  
 Weep, Albin! to death and captivity led!  
 Oh, weep! but thy tears can not number the dead!  
 For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave, —  
 Culloden, that reeks with the blood of the brave!

## LOCHIEL.

Go preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer!  
 Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,  
 Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight,  
 This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright!

## SEER.

Ha! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn?  
 Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn!  
 Say, rushed the bold eagle exultingly forth,  
 From his home in the dark-rolling clouds of the North?  
 Lo! the death-shot of foemen out-speeding, he rode  
 Companionless, bearing destruction abroad:  
 But down let him stoop from his havoc on high!  
 Ah! home let him speed, for the spoiler is nigh.  
 Why flames the far summit? — Why shoot to the blast  
 Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast?  
 'Tis the fire-shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven  
 From his eyry, that beacons the darkness of Heaven.  
 Oh, crested Lochiel! the peerless in might,  
 Whose banners arise on the battlements' height,

Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn :  
 Return to thy dwelling ! all lonely return !  
 For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,  
 And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood !

## LOCHIEL.

False wizard, avaunt ! I have marshaled my clan,  
 Their swords are a thousand, — their bosoms are one !  
 They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,  
 And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.  
 Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock !  
 Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock !  
 But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,  
 When Albin her claymore indignantly draws !  
 When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,  
 Clanranald the dauntless, and Moray the proud,  
 All plaided and plumed in their tartan array, —

## SEER.

Lochiel ! Lochiel ! beware of the day !  
 For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,  
 But man can not cover what God would reveal.  
 'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,  
 And coming events cast their shadows before.  
 I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring  
 With the blood-hounds that bark for thy fugitive king.  
 Lo ! anointed by Heaven with the vials of wrath,  
 Behold, where he flies on his desolate path !  
 Now in darkness and billows he sweeps from my sight ;  
 Rise ! rise ! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight ! —  
 'Tis finished. Their thunders are hushed on the moors :  
 Culloden is lost, and my country deploras.

But where is the iron-bound prisoner? where?  
 For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.  
 Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banished, forlorn,  
 Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and torn?  
 Ah! no; for a darker departure is near;  
 The war-drum is muffled, and black is the bier;  
 His death-bell is tolling; oh! mercy, dispel  
 Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell!  
 Life flutters, convulsed, in his quivering limbs,  
 And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims!  
 Accursed be the fagots that blaze at his feet,  
 Where his heart shall be thrown, ere it ceases to beat,  
 With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale —

LOCHIEL.

Down, soothless insulter! I trust not the tale.  
 For never shall Albin a destiny meet  
 So black with dishonor, so foul with retreat.  
 Though my perishing ranks should be strewed in their  
     gore  
 Like ocean-weeds heaped on the surf-beaten shore, —  
 Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,  
 While the kindling of life in his bosom remains  
 Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,  
 With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe!  
 And, leaving in battle no blot on his name,  
 Look proudly to Heaven from the death-bed of fame!

## THE LAST MAN.

<i>en-tailed</i> , settled firmly, bequeathed.	<i>tro'phied</i> ( <i>tro'fid</i> ), adorned with trophies.
<i>pag'eant</i> ( <i>paj'ant</i> ), fleeting show.	<i>vas'sals</i> , servants, slaves.
<i>part'ed</i> , departed.	<i>vis'ion</i> ( <i>vizh'un</i> ), a sight.
<i>se-pu'chral</i> , pertaining to the grave.	<i>wan</i> , of a pale, sickly hue.
<i>sear</i> , dry.	

ALL worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,  
 The sun himself must die,  
 Before this mortal shall assume  
 Its immortality !  
 I saw a vision in my sleep,  
 That gave my spirit strength to sweep  
 Adown the gulf of time :  
 I saw the last of human mold  
 That shall Creation's death behold,  
 As Adam saw her prime.

The sun's eye had a sickly glare,  
 The earth with age was wan,  
 The skeletons of nations were  
 Around that lonely man !  
 Some had expired in fight, — the brands  
 Still rusted in their bony hands, —  
 In plague and famine some :  
 Earth's cities had no sound nor tread ;  
 And ships were drifting with the dead  
 To shores where all was dumb.

Yet prophet-like that lone one stood,  
With dauntless words and high,  
That shook the sear leaves from the wood  
As if a storm passed by,  
Saying, We are twins in death, proud sun !  
Thy face is cold, thy race is run,  
'Tis mercy bids thee go ;  
For thou ten thousand thousand years  
Hast seen the tide of human tears  
That shall no longer flow.

What though beneath thee man put forth  
His pomp, his pride, his skill ;  
And arts that made fire, flood, and earth  
The vassals of his will ?  
Yet mourn I not thy parted sway,  
Thou dim discrownéd king of day ;  
For all those trophied arts  
And triumphs that beneath thee sprang  
Healed not a passion or a pang  
Entailed on human hearts.

Go, let oblivion's curtain fall  
Upon the stage of men,  
Nor with thy rising beams recall  
Life's tragedy again :  
Its piteous pageants bring not back,  
Nor waken flesh, upon the rack  
Of pain anew to writhe,  
Stretched in disease's shapes abhorred,  
Or mown in battle by the sword,  
Like grass beneath the scythe.

Even I am weary in yon skies  
To watch thy fading fire ;  
Test of all sunless agonies,  
Behold not me expire.  
My lips that speak thy dirge of death —  
Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath  
To see thou shalt not boast.  
The eclipse of nature spreads my pall,  
The majesty of Darkness shall  
Receive my parting ghost !

This spirit shall return to Him  
Who gave its heavenly spark ;  
Yet think not, sun, it shall be dim  
When thou thyself art dark !  
No ! it shall live again, and shine  
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,  
By Him recalled to breath,  
Who captive led captivity,  
Who robbed the grave of victory,  
And took the sting from death !

Go, sun, while mercy holds me up,  
On nature's awful waste,  
To drink this last and bitter cup  
Of grief that man shall taste, —  
Go, tell the night that hides thy face,  
Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race  
On earth's sepulchral clod,  
The darkening universe defy  
To quench his immortality,  
Or shake his trust in God !



## YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

*Brĭ-tan'ni-a*, Great Britain.  
*bulwarks*, forts.

| *launch*, fling out.  
| *oak*, war-ships.

YE mariners of England!  
Who guard our native seas,  
Whose flag has braved a thousand years  
The battle and the breeze,  
Your glorious standard launch again,  
To match another foe,  
And sweep through the deep,  
While the stormy tempests blow ;  
While the battle rages long and loud,  
And the stormy tempests blow.

The spirits of your fathers  
Shall start from every wave !  
For the deck it was their field of fame,  
And ocean was their grave :  
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,  
Your manly hearts shall glow,  
As ye sweep through the deep,  
While the stormy tempests blow ;  
While the battle rages long and loud,  
And the stormy tempests blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,  
No towers along the steep :  
Her march is o'er the mountain waves,  
Her home is on the deep :

With thunders from her native oak  
 She quells the floods below,  
 As they roar on the shore  
 When the stormy tempests blow ;  
 When the battle rages long and loud,  
 And the stormy tempests blow.

The meteor-flag of England  
 Shall yet terrific burn,  
 Till danger's troubled night depart,  
 And the star of peace return.  
 Then, then, ye ocean-warriors !  
 Our song and feast shall flow  
 To the fame of your name,  
 When the storm has ceased to blow ;  
 When the fiery fight is heard no more,  
 And the storm has ceased to blow.



#### THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

*ar-ray'*, order in regular lines.  
*fain*, gladly.

*pal'let*, rude couch.  
*truce*, cessation of hostilities.

OUR bugles sang truce, for the night-cloud had lowered,  
 And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky ;  
 And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered,  
 The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,  
 By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the slain,  
 At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,  
 And thrice ere the morning I dreamed it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,  
 Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track :  
 'Twas autumn, and sunshine arose on the way  
 To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields, traversed so oft  
 In life's morning march, when my bosom was young :  
 I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,  
 And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore  
 From my home and my weeping friends never to part ;  
 My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,  
 And my wife sobbed aloud in her fullness of heart, —

“Stay, stay with us! rest, thou art weary and worn!”  
 And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay ;  
 But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,  
 And the voice in my dreaming ear — melted away.

#### THE DOWNFALL OF POLAND.<sup>1</sup>

*hor'rid*, inspiring fear.

*pan'dours*, Hungarian foot-soldiers.

*pre-sag'ing*, foreboding, foretelling.

*pu-is'sant*, mighty.

*Sar-ma'tia*, (*-shyah*), Poland.

*toc'sin*, an alarm-bell.

O SACRED Truth! thy triumph ceased awhile,  
 And Hope, thy sister, ceased with thee to smile,  
 When leagued Oppression poured to northern wars  
 Her whiskered pandours and her fierce hussars ;

<sup>1</sup> From *Pleasures of Hope*.

Waved her dread standard to the breeze of morn,  
Pealed her loud drum, and twanged her trumpet-horn.  
Tumultuous horror brooded o'er her van,  
Presaging wrath to Poland — and to man !

Warsaw's last champion, from her heights, surveyed,  
Wide o'er the fields, a waste of ruin laid :  
"O Heaven !" he cried, "my bleeding country save !  
Is there no hand on high to shield the brave ?  
Yet, though destruction sweep these lovely plains,  
Rise, fellow-men ! our COUNTRY yet remains !  
By that dread name, we wave the sword on high,  
And swear, for her to live — with her to die !"

He said : and, on the rampart-heights, arrayed  
His trusty warriors, few but undismayed ;  
Firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they form,  
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm !  
Low murmuring sounds along their banners fly —  
REVENGE, or DEATH ! the watchword and reply :  
Then pealed the notes omnipotent to charm,  
And the loud tocsin tolled their last alarm !

In vain, alas ! in vain, ye gallant few,  
From rank to rank your volleyed thunder flew :  
Oh ! bloodiest picture in the book of time,  
Sarmatia fell — unwept — without a crime !  
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,  
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe.  
Dropped from her nerveless grasp the shattered spear,  
Closed her bright eye, and curbed her high career  
Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,  
And Freedom shrieked — as Kosciusko fell !

The sun went down, nor ceased the carnage there ;  
Tumultuous murder shook the midnight air :  
On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,  
His blood-dyed waters murmuring far below.  
The storm prevails ! the rampart yields a way —  
Bursts the wild cry of horror and dismay !  
Hark ! as the smoldering piles with thunder fall,  
A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call !  
Earth shook ! red meteors flashed along the sky !  
And conscious Nature shuddered at the cry !

Departed spirits of the mighty dead !  
Ye that at Marathon and Leuctra bled !  
Friends of the world ! restore your swords to man,  
Fight in his sacred cause, and lead the van !  
Yet for Sarmatia's tears of blood atone,  
And make her arm puissant as your own !  
Oh ! once again to freedom's cause return,  
The patriot Tell — the Bruce of Bannockburn.



## LORD MACAULAY.

1800-1859.

THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.<sup>1</sup>

## FIRST READING.

*al-lūr'ing*, attractive.*an-i-mos'i-ty*, hatred.*ca-nā'ry*, wine made in the Canary Isles.*clown*, an ignorant country fellow.*mit'ti-mus*, a warrant of commitment to prison.*punc-ti'ious* (-*tilyus*), exact in forms of behavior.*quarter-sess'ions*, a general court held quarterly by county justices.*scur'ri-lous*, low, vulgar.*still-room*, a room where liquors are distilled.

WE should be much mistaken if we pictured to ourselves the squires of the seventeenth century as men bearing a close resemblance to their descendants, the county members and chairmen of quarter-sessions with whom we are familiar. The modern country gentleman generally receives a liberal education, passes from a distinguished school to a distinguished college, and has ample opportunity to become an excellent scholar. He has generally seen something of foreign countries. A considerable part of his life has generally been passed in the capital; and the refinements of the capital follow him into the country. There is perhaps no class of dwellings so pleasing as the rural seats of the English gentry. In the parks and pleasure-grounds, nature, dressed, yet not disguised, by art, wears her most allur-

<sup>1</sup> From the *History of England*, Chapter III.

ing form. In the buildings, good sense and good taste combine to produce a happy union of the comfortable and the graceful. The pictures, the musical instruments, the library, would in any other country be considered as proving the owner to be an eminently polished and accomplished man.

A country gentleman who witnessed the Revolution was probably in receipt of about a fourth part of the rent which his acres now yield to his posterity. He was, therefore, as compared with his posterity, a poor man, and was generally under the necessity of residing, with little interruption, on his estate. To travel on the Continent, to maintain an establishment in London, or even to visit London frequently, were pleasures in which only the great proprietors could indulge. It may be confidently affirmed that of the squires whose names were then in the commissions of Peace and Lieutenancy, not one in twenty went to town once in five years, or had ever in his life wandered so far as Paris. Many lords of manors had received an education differing little from that of their menial servants.

The heir of an estate often passed his boyhood and youth at the seat of his family, with no better tutors than grooms and gamekeepers, and scarce attained learning enough to sign his name to a mittimus. If he went to school and to college, he generally returned before he was twenty to the seclusion of the old hall, and there, unless his mind were very happily constituted by nature, soon forgot his academical pursuits in rural business and pleasures. His chief serious employment was the care of his property. He examined samples of grain, handled pigs, and, on market-days, made

bargains over a tankard with drovers and hop-merchants.

His chief pleasures were commonly derived from field-sports and from an unrefined sensuality. His language and pronunciation were such as we should now expect to hear only from the most ignorant clowns. His oaths, coarse jests, and scurrilous terms of abuse were uttered with the broadest accent of his province. It was easy to discern, from the first words which he spoke, whether he came from Somersetshire or Yorkshire.

He troubled himself little about decorating his abode, and, if he attempted decoration, seldom produced any thing but deformity. The litter of a farm-yard gathered under the windows of his bed-chamber, and the cabbages and the gooseberry-bushes grew close to his hall-door. His table was loaded with coarse plenty, and guests were cordially welcomed to it. But, as the habit of drinking to excess was general in the class to which he belonged, and as his fortune did not enable him to intoxicate large assemblies daily with claret or canary, strong beer was the ordinary beverage.

The quantity of beer consumed in those days was indeed enormous; for beer then was to the middle and lower classes not only all that beer now is, but all that wine, tea, and ardent spirits now are. It was only at great houses, or on great occasions, that foreign drink was placed on the board. The ladies of the house, whose business it had commonly been to cook the repast, retired as soon as the dishes had been devoured, and left the gentlemen to their ale and tobacco. The coarse jollity of the afternoon was often prolonged till the revelers were laid under the table.



It was very seldom that the country gentleman caught glimpses of the great world; and what he saw of it tended rather to confuse than to enlighten his understanding. His opinions respecting religion, government, foreign countries, and former times, having been derived, not from study, from observation, or from conversation with enlightened companions, but from such traditions as were current in his own small circle, were the opinions of a child. He adhered to them, however, with the obstinacy which is generally found in ignorant men accustomed to be fed with flattery.

His animosities were numerous and bitter. He hated Frenchmen and Italians, Scotchmen and Irishmen, Papists and Presbyterians, Independents and Baptists, Quakers and Jews. Toward London and Londoners he felt an aversion which more than once produced important political effects. His wife and daughter were, in tastes and acquirements, below a housekeeper or a still-room maid of the present day. They stitched and spun, brewed gooseberry-wine, cured marigolds, and made the crust for the venison pasty.



THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

SECOND READING.

<p><i>chiv'al-rous</i>, high-minded, noble.  <i>cui-ras-sier'</i> (<i>kwē-ras-sēr'</i>), a soldier armed with a breastplate.  <i>ec-clēs-i-as'tic-al</i>, relating to church.  <i>gen-e-a'l'o-gy</i>, an account of the descent of a person or family from an ancestor.  <i>gra-tū'i-tous-ly</i>, without fee.  <i>lib'er-al</i>, befitting a gentleman.  <i>mū'tin-ous</i>, rebellious.</p>	<p><i>pa-tri'cian</i> (<i>pa-trish'an</i>), a nobleman.  <i>pe-tard'</i>, an engine of war used in explosions.  <i>ple-be'ian</i> (<i>ple-bē'yan</i>), relating to the common people.  <i>pre-cēd'ence</i>, right to a more honorable place.  <i>sup-port'ers</i>, figures on a coat-of-arms.</p>
----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

FROM this description it might be supposed that the English esquire of the seventeenth century did not materially differ from a rustic miller or alehouse-keeper of our time. There are, however, some important parts of his character still to be noted, which will greatly modify this estimate. Unlettered as he was and unpolished, he was still in some most important points a gentleman. He was a member of a proud and powerful aristocracy, and was distinguished by many both of the good and of the bad qualities which belong to aristocrats. His family pride was beyond that of a Talbot or a Howard. He knew the genealogies and coats-of-arms of all his neighbors, and could tell which of them had assumed supporters without any right, and which of them were so unfortunate as to be great-grandsons of aldermen.

He was a magistrate, and, as such, administered gratuitously to those who dwelt around him a rude

patriarchal justice, which, in spite of innumerable blunders and of occasional acts of tyranny, was yet better than no justice at all. He was an officer of the trainbands; and his military dignity, though it might move the mirth of gallants who had served a campaign in Flanders, raised his character in his own eyes and in the eyes of his neighbors.

Nor, indeed, was his soldiership justly a subject of derision. In every county there were elderly gentlemen who had seen service which was no child's play. One had been knighted by Charles the First, after the battle of Edgehill. Another still wore a patch over the scar which he had received at Naseby. A third had defended his old house till Fairfax had blown in the door with a petard. The presence of these old Cavaliers, with their old swords and holsters, and with their old stories about Goring and Lunsford, gave to the musters of militia an earnest and warlike aspect which would otherwise have been wanting. Even those country gentlemen who were too young to have themselves exchanged blows with the cuirassiers of Parliament had from childhood been surrounded by traces of recent war, and fed with stories of the martial exploits of their fathers and uncles.

Thus the character of the English esquire of the seventeenth century was compounded of two elements which we seldom or never find united. His ignorance or uncouthness, his low tastes and gross phrases, would, in our time, be considered as indicating a nature and a breeding thoroughly plebeian. Yet he was essentially a patrician, and had, in large measure, both the virtues and the vices which flourish among men set from their

birth in high place, and used to respect themselves and to be respected by others.

It is not easy for a generation accustomed to find chivalrous sentiments only in company with liberal studies and polished manners to image to itself a man with the deportment, the vocabulary, and the accent of a carter, yet punctilious on matters of genealogy and precedence, and ready to risk his life rather than see a stain cast on the honor of his house. It is, however, only by thus joining together things seldom or never found together in our own experience that we can form a just idea of that rustic aristocracy which constituted the main strength of the armies of Charles the First, and which long supported with strange fidelity the interest of his descendants.

The gross, uneducated, untraveled country gentleman was commonly a Tory ; but, though devotedly attached to hereditary monarchy, he had no partiality for courtiers and ministers. His stout English heart swelled with indignation at the thought that the government of his country should be subject to French dictation. Being himself generally an old Cavalier, or the son of an old Cavalier, he reflected with bitter resentment on the ingratitude with which the Stuarts had requited their best friends.

Those who heard him grumble at the neglect with which he was treated would have supposed him ripe for rebellion. But all this ill humor lasted only till the throne was really in danger. It was precisely when those whom the sovereign had loaded with wealth and honors shrunk from his side that the country gentlemen, so surly and mutinous in the season

of his prosperity, rallied round him in a body. Thus, after murmuring twenty years at the misgovernment of Charles the Second, they came to his rescue in his extremity, when his own secretaries of state and the lords of his own treasury had deserted him, and enabled him to gain a complete victory over the opposition ; nor can there be any doubt that they would have shown equal loyalty to his brother James, if James would, even at the last moment, have refrained from outraging their strongest feeling.

For there was one institution, and one only, which they prized even more than hereditary monarchy ; and that institution was the Church of England. Their love for the Church was not, indeed, the effect of study or meditation. Few among them could have given any reason, drawn from scripture or ecclesiastical history, for adhering to her doctrines, her ritual, and her polity ; nor were they, as a class, by any means strict observers of that code of morality which is common to all Christian sects. But the experience of many ages proves that men may be ready to fight to the death, and to persecute without pity, for a religion whose creed they do not understand, and whose precepts they habitually disobey.



HORATIUS.<sup>1</sup>

## FIRST READING.

*af-fright'*, sudden and great fear.*burgh'er*, a citizen.*cham-paign'*, open country.*fast by*, near.*in play*, in check.*round'ly*, boldly, vigorously.*strait*, narrow.*straight*, immediately.*suff'er*, submit to.*tryst'ing*, appointed.

LARS PORSENA of Clusium

By the Nine Gods he swore  
 That the great house of Tarquin  
 Should suffer wrong no more.  
 By the Nine Gods he swore it,  
 And named a trysting day,  
 And bade his messengers ride forth,  
 East and west and south and north,  
 To summon his array.

East and west and south and north  
 The messengers ride fast,  
 And tower and town and cottage  
 Have heard the trumpet's blast.  
 Shame on the false Etruscan  
 Who lingers in his home  
 When Porsena of Clusium  
 Is on the march for Rome!

But by the yellow Tiber  
 Was tumult and affright :  
 From all the spacious champaign  
 To Rome men took their flight.

<sup>1</sup> From the *Lays of Ancient Rome*.

A mile around the city,  
The throng stopped up the ways ;  
A fearful sight it was to see  
Through two long nights and days.

Now from the rock Tarpeian,  
Could the wan burghers spy  
The line of blazing villages  
Red in the midnight sky.  
The Fathers of the City,  
They sat all night and day,  
For every hour some horseman came  
With tidings of dismay.

They held a council standing  
Before the river-gate ;  
Short time was there, ye well may guess,  
For musing or debate.  
Out spake the Consul roundly :  
"The bridge must straight go down ;  
For, since Janiculum is lost,  
Naught else can save the town."

Just then a scout came flying,  
All wild with haste and fear :  
"To arms ! to arms ! Sir Consul ;  
Lars Porsena is here."  
On the low hills to westward  
The Consul fixed his eye,  
And saw the swarthy storm of dust  
Rise fast along the sky.

Fast by the royal standard,  
O'erlooking all the war,  
Lars Porsena of Clusium  
Sat in his ivory car.  
By the right wheel rode Mamilius,  
Prince of the Latian name ;  
And by the left false Sextus,  
That wrought the deed of shame.

But when the face of Sextus  
Was seen among the foes,  
A yell that rent the firmament  
From all the town arose.  
On the house-tops was no woman  
But spat toward him and hissed ;  
No child but screamed out curses,  
And shook its little fist.

But the Consul's brow was sad,  
And the Consul's speech was low,  
And darkly looked he at the wall,  
And darkly at the foe.  
" Their van will be upon us  
Before the bridge goes down ;  
And if they once may win the bridge,  
What hope to save the town ? "

Then out spake brave Horatius,  
The captain of the gate :  
" To every man upon this earth  
Death cometh soon or late.



And how can man die better  
Than facing fearful odds,  
For the ashes of his fathers  
And the temples of his gods ;

“ And for the tender mother  
Who dandled him to rest,  
And for the wife who nurses  
His baby at her breast,  
And for the holy maidens  
Who feed the eternal flame,  
To save them from false Sextus  
That wrought the deed of shame ?

“ Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,  
With all the speed ye may :  
I, with two more to help me,  
Will hold the foe in play.  
In yon strait path a thousand  
May well be stopped by three.  
Now who will stand on either hand,  
And keep the bridge with me ? ”

Then out spake Spurius Lartius ;  
A Ramnian proud was he :  
“ Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,  
And keep the bridge with thee.”  
And out spake strong Herminius ;  
Of Titian blood was he :  
“ I will abide on thy left side,  
And keep the bridge with thee.”

"Horatius," quoth the Consul,  
 "As thou sayest, so let it be."  
 And straight against that great array  
 Forth went the dauntless three.  
 For Romans in Rome's quarrel  
 Spared neither land nor gold,  
 Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,  
 In the brave days of old.

---

### HORATIUS.

#### SECOND READING.

*a-thwart'*, across, from side to side.  
*con'stant*, unshaken.  
*crā' ven*, cowardly.  
*fell*, cruel, inhuman.  
*grace*, mercy.

*har'ness*, soldier's armor.  
*hind*, a peasant, a rustic.  
*right*, very.  
*sacked*, plundered, pillaged.  
*sur'ges*, waves, billows.

MEANWHILE the Tuscan army,  
 Right glorious to behold,  
 Came flashing back the noonday light,  
 Rank behind rank, like surges bright  
 Of a broad sea of gold.  
 Four hundred trumpets sounded  
 A peal of warlike glee,  
 As that great host, with measured tread,  
 And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,  
 Rolled slowly toward the bridge's head,  
 Where stood the dauntless three.

The three stood calm and silent,  
And looked upon the foes,  
And a great shout of laughter  
From all the vanguard rose ;  
And forth three chiefs came spurring  
Before that deep array ;  
To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,  
And lifted high their shields, and flew  
To win the narrow way.

Herminius smote down Aruns :  
Lartius laid Ocnus low :  
Right to the heart of Lausulus  
Horatius sent a blow.  
"Lie there," he cried, "fell pirate !  
No more, aghast and pale,  
From Ostia's walls the crowd shall mark  
The track of thy destroying bark.  
No more Campania's hinds shall fly  
To woods and caverns when they spy  
Thy thrice accursèd sail."

But now no sound of laughter  
Was heard among the foes :  
A wild and wrathful clamor  
From all the vanguard rose.  
Six spears' length from the entrance  
Halted that deep array,  
And for a space no man came forth  
To win the narrow way.

Yet one man for one moment  
Strode out before the crowd ;  
Well known was he to all the three,  
And they gave him greeting loud.  
“ Now welcome, welcome, Sextus !  
Now welcome to thy home !  
Why dost thou stay, and turn away ?  
Here lies the road to Rome.”

But meanwhile ax and lever  
Have manfully been plied,  
And now the bridge hangs tottering  
Above the boiling tide.  
“ Come back, come back, Horatius ! ”  
Loud cried the fathers all.  
“ Back, Lartius ! back, Herminius !  
Back, ere the ruin fall ! ”

Back darted Spurius Lartius ;  
Herminius darted back :  
And, as they passed, beneath their feet  
They felt the timbers crack.  
But when they turned their faces,  
And on the farther shore  
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,  
They would have crossed once more.

But with a crash like thunder  
Fell every loosened beam,  
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck  
Lay right athwart the stream ;

And a long shout of triumph  
    Rose from the walls of Rome,  
As to the highest turret-tops  
    Was splashed the yellow foam.

Alone stood brave Horatius,  
    But constant still in mind,  
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,  
    And the broad flood behind.  
"Down with him!" cried false Sextus,  
    With a smile on his pale face.  
"Now yield thee," cried Lars Porsena,  
    "Now yield thee to our grace."

Round turned he, as not deigning  
    Those craven ranks to see ;  
Naught spake he to Lars Porsena,  
    To Sextus naught spake he :  
But he saw on Palatinus  
    The white porch of his home ;  
And he spake to the noble river  
    That rolls by the towers of Rome :—

"O Tiber! father Tiber!  
    To whom the Romans pray,  
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,  
    Take thou in charge this day."  
So he spake, and, speaking, sheathed  
    The good sword by his side,  
And, with his harness on his back,  
    Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow  
Was heard from either bank ;  
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,  
With parted lips and straining eyes,  
Stood gazing where he sank ;  
And when above the surges  
They saw his crest appear,  
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,  
And e'en the ranks of Tuscany  
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

“Curse on him !” quoth false Sextus :  
“Will not the villain drown ?  
But for this stay, ere close of day  
We should have sacked the town.”  
“Heaven help him !” quoth Lars Porsena,  
“And bring him safe to shore ;  
For such a gallant feat of arms  
Was never seen before.”

And now he feels the bottom ;  
Now on dry earth he stands ;  
Now round him throng the fathers,  
To press his gory hands.  
And now, with shouts and clapping,  
And noise of weeping loud,  
He enters through the river-gate,  
Borne by the joyous crowd.

They gave him of the corn-land,  
That was of public right,  
As much as two strong oxen  
Could plow from morn till night ;

And they made a molten image,  
And set it up on high,  
And there it stands unto this day  
To witness if I lie.

It stands in the Comitium,  
Plain for all folk to see :  
Horatius in his harness,  
Halting upon one knee :  
And underneath is written,  
In letters all of gold,  
How valiantly he kept the bridge  
In the brave days of old.

And in the nights of winter,  
When the cold north winds blow,  
And the long howling of the wolves  
Is heard amidst the snow ;  
When round the lonely cottage  
Roars loud the tempest's din,  
And the good logs of Algidus  
Roar louder yet within ;

When the oldest cask is opened,  
And the largest lamp is lit ;  
When the chestnuts glow in the embers,  
And the kid turns on the spit ;  
When young and old in circle  
Around the firebrands close ;  
When the girls are weaving baskets,  
And the lads are shaping bows ;

When the goodman mends his armor,  
 And trims his helmet's plume ;  
 When the goodwife's shuttle merrily  
 Goes flashing through the loom ;  
 With weeping and with laughter  
 Still is the story told,  
 How well Horatius kept the bridge  
 In the brave days of old.

—•••—

### IMPEACHMENT OF WARREN HASTINGS.<sup>1</sup>

#### FIRST READING.

<p><i>ab-so-lu'tion</i> (-lū'shun), acquittal.  <i>Ben-a'res</i> (-ah'rez), a city of India.  <i>char'ac-ters</i>, letters.  <i>con-spic'u-ous</i>, eminent.  <i>em-u-lā'tion</i>, rivalry.  <i>er'mine</i> (-min), fur used on robes of state.  <i>er-u-dī'tion</i>, learning.</p>	<p><i>gor'geous</i> (gor'jus), splendid.  <i>in-au-gu-rā'tion</i>, crowning.  <i>Plan-tag'en-ets</i> (-taj'en-ets), a line of English monarchs.  <i>rep-ar-tee'</i>, a ready and witty reply.  <i>spec'ta-cle</i>, a show.  <i>vo-lup'tu-ous</i>, full of delight or pleasure.</p>
-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

IN the mean time, the preparations for the trial had proceeded rapidly ; and on the 13th of February, 1788, the sittings of the court commenced. There have been spectacles more dazzling to the eye, more gorgeous with jewelry and cloth of gold, more attractive to grown-up children, than that which was then exhibited at Westminster ; but perhaps there never was a spectacle so well calculated to strike a highly cultivated, a reflecting, an imaginative mind.

All the various kinds of interest which belong to the

<sup>1</sup> From Macaulay's *Essays*.



near and to the distant, to the present and to the past, were collected on one spot, and in one hour. All the talents and all the accomplishments which are developed by liberty and civilization were now displayed, with every advantage that could be derived both from co-operation and from contrast. Every step in the proceedings carried the mind either backward, through many troubled centuries, to the days when the foundations of our constitution were laid, or far away, over boundless seas and deserts, to dusky nations living under strange stars, worshiping strange gods, and writing strange characters from right to left. The High Court of Parliament was to sit, according to forms handed down from the days of the Plantagenets, on an Englishman accused of exercising tyranny over the lord of the holy city of Benares, and over the ladies of the princely house of Oude.

The place was worthy of such a trial. It was the great hall of William Rufus, the hall which had resounded with acclamations at the inauguration of thirty kings, the hall which had witnessed the just sentence of Bacon and the just absolution of Somers, the hall where the eloquence of Strafford had for a moment awed and melted a victorious party inflamed with just resentment, the hall where Charles had confronted the High Court of Justice with the placid courage which has half redeemed his fame.

Neither military nor civil pomp was wanting. The avenues were lined with grenadiers. The streets were kept clear by cavalry. The peers, robed in gold and ermine, were marshaled by the heralds under garter king-at-arms. The judges, in their vestments of state,

attended to give advice on points of law. Near a hundred and seventy lords, three-fourths of the Upper House, walked in solemn order from their usual place of assembling to the tribunal. The long procession was closed by the Duke of Norfolk, earl marshal of the realm, by the great dignitaries, and by the brothers and sons of the king. Last of all came the Prince of Wales, conspicuous by his fine person and noble bearing.

The gray old walls were hung with scarlet. The long galleries were crowded by an audience such as has rarely excited the fears or the emulation of an orator. There were gathered together, from all parts of a great, free, enlightened, and prosperous empire, grace and female loveliness, wit and learning, the representatives of every science and of every art. There were seated round the queen the fair-haired young daughters of the house of Brunswick. There the ambassadors of great kings and commonwealths gazed with admiration on a spectacle which no other country in the world could present. There Siddons, in the prime of her majestic beauty, looked with emotion on a scene surpassing all the imitations of the stage. There the historian of the Roman Empire thought of the days when Cicero pleaded the cause of Sicily against Verres, and when, before a senate which still retained some show of freedom, Tacitus thundered against the oppressor of Africa.

There were seen, side by side, the greatest painter and the greatest scholar of the age. The spectacle had allured Reynolds from that easel which has preserved to us the thoughtful foreheads of so many

writers and statesmen, and the sweet smiles of so many noble matrons. It had induced Parr to suspend his labors in that dark and profound mine from which he had extracted a vast treasure of erudition, a treasure too often buried in the earth, too often paraded with injudicious and inelegant ostentation, but still precious, massive, and splendid.

There appeared the voluptuous charms of her to whom the heir of the throne had in secret plighted his faith. There too was she, the beautiful mother of a beautiful race, the St. Cecilia whose delicate features, lighted up by love and music, art has rescued from the common decay. There were the members of that brilliant society which quoted, criticised, and exchanged repartees, under the rich peacock-hangings of Mrs. Montague. And there the ladies — whose lips, more persuasive than those of Fox himself, had carried the Westminster election against palace and treasury — shone round Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire.



## IMPEACHMENT OF WARREN HASTINGS.

## SECOND READING.

<i>ampli-tude</i> , wideness.	<i>e-mā'ci-a-ted</i> , wasted away in flesh.
<i>ar-raign'</i> ( <i>ar-rān'</i> ), to accuse.	<i>ex-u'ber-ance</i> ( <i>egs-ū'ber-ans</i> ), abundance, richness.
<i>bag</i> , a sort of silken purse tied to the hair as an adornment.	<i>in-flex'i-ble</i> , that will not bend or yield.
<i>car'riage</i> ( <i>kar'rij</i> ), deportment.	<i>mis-de-mean'or</i> , a fault.
<i>Com'mons</i> = the House of Commons, a branch of the British legislature.	<i>suff'ied</i> , soiled.
<i>dic'tion</i> ( <i>dik'shun</i> ), manner of expression.	<i>ser'geant</i> ( <i>sar'jent</i> ), an officer of Parliament.

THE sergeants made proclamation. Hastings advanced to the bar, and bent his knee. The culprit was indeed not unworthy of that great presence. He had ruled an extensive and populous country, had made laws and treaties, had sent forth armies, had set up and pulled down princes. And in his high place he had so borne himself, that all had feared him, that most had loved him, and that hatred itself could deny him no title to glory, except virtue.

He looked like a great man, and not like a bad man. A person small and emaciated, yet deriving dignity from a carriage which, while it indicated deference to the court, indicated also habitual self-possession and self-respect; a high and intellectual forehead; a brow pensive, but not gloomy; a mouth of inflexible decision; a face pale and worn, but serene: such was the aspect with which the great proconsul presented himself to his judges. His counsel accompanied him, men all of whom were afterward raised by

their talents and learning to the highest posts in their profession.

But neither the culprit nor his advocates attracted so much notice as the accusers. In the midst of the blaze of red drapery, a space had been fitted up with green benches and tables for the commons. The managers, with Burke at their head, appeared in full dress. The collectors of gossip did not fail to remark that even Fox, generally so regardless of his appearance, had paid to the illustrious tribunal the compliment of wearing a bag and sword.

Pitt had refused to be one of the conductors of the impeachment; and his commanding, copious, and sonorous eloquence was wanting to that great muster of various talents. Age and blindness had unfitted Lord North for the duties of a public prosecutor; and his friends were left without the help of his excellent sense, his tact, and his urbanity. But, in spite of the absence of these two distinguished members of the Lower House, the box in which the managers stood contained an array of speakers such as perhaps had not appeared together since the great age of Athenian eloquence.

There were Fox and Sheridan, the English Demosthenes and the English Hyperides. There was Burke, ignorant, indeed, or negligent, of the art of adapting his reasonings and his style to the capacity and taste of his hearers, but in amplitude of comprehension and richness of imagination superior to every orator, ancient or modern. There, with eyes reverentially fixed on Burke, appeared the finest gentleman of the age, his form developed by every manly exercise, his face

beaming with intelligence and spirit, the ingenious, the chivalrous, the high-souled Windham.

Nor, though surrounded by such men, did the youngest manager pass unnoticed. At an age when most of those who distinguish themselves in life are still contending for prizes and fellowships at college, he had won for himself a conspicuous place in Parliament. No advantage of fortune or connection was wanting that could set off to the height his splendid talents and his unblemished honor. At twenty-three he had been thought worthy to be ranked with the veteran statesmen who appeared as the delegates of the British Commons at the bar of the British nobility. All who stood at that bar, save him alone, are gone,—culprit, advocates, accusers. To the generation which is now in the vigor of life he is the sole representative of a great age which has passed away. But those who, within the last ten years, have listened with delight, till the morning sun shone on the tapestries of the House of Lords, to the lofty and animated eloquence of Charles, Earl Grey, are able to form some estimate of the powers of a race of men among whom he was not the foremost.

The charges and the answers of Hastings were first read. The ceremony occupied two whole days, and was rendered less tedious than it would otherwise have been by the silver voice and just emphasis of Cowper, the clerk of the court, a near relation of the amiable poet. On the third day Burke rose. Four sittings were occupied by his opening speech, which was intended to be a general introduction to all the charges. With an exuberance of thought and a splendor of dic-

tion which more than satisfied the highly raised expectation of the audience, he described the character and institutions of the natives of India, recounted the circumstances in which the Asiatic empire of Britain had originated, and set forth the constitution of the Company and of the English presidencies.

Having thus attempted to communicate to his hearers an idea of Eastern society as vivid as that which existed in his own mind, he proceeded to arraign the administration of Hastings as systematically conducted in defiance of morality and public law. The energy and pathos of the great orator extorted expressions of unwonted admiration from the stern and hostile chancellor, and, for a moment, seemed to pierce even the resolute heart of the defendant. The ladies in the galleries, unaccustomed to such displays of eloquence, excited by the solemnity of the occasion, and perhaps not unwilling to display their taste and sensibility, were in a state of uncontrollable emotion. Handkerchiefs were pulled out; smelling-bottles were handed round; hysterical sobs and screams were heard; and Mrs. Sheridan was carried out in a fit.

At length the orator concluded. Raising his voice till the old arches of Irish oak resounded, "Therefore," said he, "hath it with all confidence been ordered by the Commons of Great Britain, that I impeach Warren Hastings of high crimes and misdemeanors. I impeach him in the name of the Commons' House of Parliament, whose trust he has betrayed. I impeach him in the name of the English nation, whose ancient honor he has sullied. I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose rights he has trodden under

foot, and whose country he has turned into a desert. Lastly, in the name of human nature itself, in the name of both sexes, in the name of every age, in the name of every rank, I impeach the common enemy and oppressor of all."



### INFLUENCE OF ATHENS.

*as-suāge'*, to soften, to soothe.

*jar'gon*, confused talk.

*mu-ta-bil'i-ty*, changeableness.

*ped'es-tal*, base of a column.

*plas'tic*, having the power to give form to a mass of matter.

*sub'tle-ty* (*sut'l-ty*), acuteness of intellect.

IF we consider merely the subtlety of disquisition, the force of imagination, the perfect energy and elegance of expression, which characterize the great works of Athenian genius, we must pronounce them intrinsically most valuable. But what shall we say when we reflect that from hence have sprung, directly or indirectly, all the noblest creations of the human intellect; that from hence were the vast accomplishments and the brilliant fancy of Cicero, the withering fire of Juvenal, the plastic imagination of Dante, the humor of Cervantes, the comprehension of Bacon, the wit of Butler, the supreme and universal excellence of Shakespeare?

All the triumphs of truth and genius over prejudice and power, in every country and in every age, have been the triumphs of Athens. Wherever a few great minds have made a stand against violence and fraud, in the cause of liberty and reason, there has been her spirit in the midst of them; inspiring, encouraging, consoling, — by the lonely lamp of Erasmus, by the



restless bed of Pascal, in the tribune of Mirabeau, in the cell of Galileo, on the scaffold of Sidney.

But who shall estimate her influence on private happiness? Who shall say how many thousands have been made wiser, happier, and better by those pursuits in which she has taught mankind to engage; to how many the studies which took their rise from her have been wealth in poverty, liberty in bondage, health in sickness, society in solitude?

Her power is, indeed, manifested at the bar, in the senate, in the field of battle, in the schools of philosophy. But these are not her glory. Wherever literature consoles sorrow, or assuages pain; wherever it brings gladness to eyes which fail with wakefulness and tears, and ache for the dark house and the long sleep,—there is exhibited, in its noblest form, the immortal influence of Athens.

The dervise, in the Arabian tale, did not hesitate to abandon to his comrade the camels with their loads of jewels and gold, while he retained the casket of that mysterious juice which enabled him to behold at one glance all the hidden riches of the universe. Surely it is no exaggeration to say that no external advantage is to be compared with that purification of the intellectual eye, which gives us to contemplate the infinite wealth of the mental world, all the hoarded treasures of the primeval dynasties, all the shapeless ore of its yet unexplored mines. This is the gift of Athens to man.

Her freedom and her power have, for more than twenty centuries, been annihilated; her people have degenerated into timid slaves; her language, into a barbarous jargon; her temples have been given up to

the successive depredations of Romans, Turks, and Scotchmen ; but her intellectual empire is imperishable.

And, when those who have rivaled her greatness shall have shared her fate ; when civilization and knowledge shall have fixed their abode in distant continents ; when the scepter shall have passed away from England ; when, perhaps, travelers from distant regions shall in vain labor to decipher on some moldering pedestal the name of our proudest chief, shall hear savage hymns chanted to some misshapen idol over the ruined dome of our proudest temple, and shall see a single naked fisherman wash his nets in the river of the ten thousand masts, — her influence and her glory will still survive, fresh in eternal youth, exempt from mutability and decay, immortal as the intellectual principle from which they derived their origin, and over which they exercise their control.



## ALFRED TENNYSON.

1809-

## ENOCH ARDEN.

FIRST READING.

LONG lines of cliff breaking have left a chasm ;  
And in the chasm are foam and yellow sands ;  
Beyond, red roofs about a narrow wharf  
In cluster ; then a moldered church ; and higher  
A long street climbs to one tall-towered mill ;  
And high in heaven behind it a gray down  
With Danish barrows ;<sup>1</sup> and a hazel-wood,  
By autumn nutters haunted, flourishes  
Green in a cuplike hollow of the down.

Here on this beach a hundred years ago,  
Three children of three houses, Annie Lee,  
The prettiest little damsel in the port,  
And Philip Ray the miller's only son,  
And Enoch Arden, a rough sailor's lad  
Made orphan by a winter shipwreck, played  
Among the waste and lumber of the shore,  
Hard coils of cordage, swarthy fishing-nets,  
Anchors of rusty fluke, and boats updrawn ;  
And built their castles of dissolving sand  
To watch them overflowed, or following up

<sup>1</sup> *barrow*, a burial-mound.

And flying the white breaker, daily left  
The little footprint daily washed away.

A narrow cave ran in beneath the cliff :  
In this the children played at keeping house.  
Enoch was host one day, Philip the next,  
While Annie still was mistress ; but at times  
Enoch would hold possession for a week :  
"This is my house, and this my little wife."  
"Mine too," said Philip, "turn and turn about :"  
When, if they quarreled, Enoch stronger made  
Was master. Then would Philip, his blue eyes  
All flooded with the helpless wrath of tears,  
Shriek out, "I hate you, Enoch ;" and at this  
The little wife would weep for company,  
And pray them not to quarrel for her sake,  
And say she would be little wife to both.

But when the dawn of rosy childhood passed,  
And the new warmth of life's ascending sun  
Was felt by either, either fixed his heart  
On that one girl ; and Enoch spoke his love,  
But Philip loved in silence ; and the girl  
Seemed kinder unto Philip than to him ;  
But she loved Enoch : though she knew it not,  
And would if asked deny it. Enoch set  
A purpose evermore before his eyes, —  
To hoard all savings to the uttermost,  
To purchase his own boat, and make a home  
For Annie. And so prospered that at last  
A luckier or a bolder fisherman,  
A carefuller in peril, did not breathe

For leagues along that breaker-beaten coast  
Than Enoch. Likewise had he served a year  
On board a merchantman, and made himself  
Full sailor; and he thrice had plucked a life  
From the dread sweep of the down-streaming seas;  
And all men looked upon him favorably;  
And ere he touched his one-and-twentieth May  
He purchased his own boat, and made a home  
For Annie, neat and nestlike, half-way up  
The narrow street that clambered toward the mill.

Then on a golden autumn eventide,  
The younger people making holiday,  
With bag and sack and basket, great and small,  
Went nutting to the hazels. Philip stayed  
(His father lying sick and needing him)  
An hour behind; but as he climbed the hill,  
Just where the prone edge of the wood began  
To feather toward the hollow, saw the pair,  
Enoch and Annie, sitting hand-in-hand,  
His large gray eyes and weather-beaten face  
All-kindled by a still and sacred fire,  
That burned as on an altar. Philip looked,  
And in their eyes and faces read his doom;  
Then, as their faces drew together, groaned,  
And slipped aside, and like a wounded life  
Crept down into the hollows of the wood.  
There, while the rest were loud in merry-making,  
Had his dark hour unseen, and rose and passed,  
Bearing a lifelong hunger in his heart.

So these were wed, and merrily rang the bells,  
And merrily ran the years, seven happy years,

Seven happy years of health and competence,  
And mutual love and honorable toil ;  
With children ; first a daughter. In him woke,  
With his first babe's first cry, the noble wish  
To save all earnings to the uttermost,  
And give his child a better bringing-up  
Than his had been, or hers, — a wish renewed,  
When two years after came a boy to be  
The rosy idol of her solitudes,  
While Enoch was abroad on wrathful seas,  
Or often journeying landward ; for in truth  
Enoch's white horse, and Enoch's ocean spoil  
In ocean-smelling osier, and his face,  
Rough-reddened with a thousand winter gales,  
Not only to the market-cross were known,  
But in the leafy lanes behind the down,  
Far as the portal-warding lion-whelp,  
And peacock-yewtree of the lonely Hall,  
Whose Friday fare was Enoch's ministering.

Then came a change, as all things human change.  
Ten miles to northward of the narrow port  
Opened a larger haven : thither used  
Enoch at times to go by land or sea ;  
And once when there, and clambering on a mast  
In harbor, by mischance he slipped and fell :  
A limb was broken when they lifted him ;  
And while he lay recovering there, his wife  
Bore him another son, a sickly one :  
Another hand crept too across his trade,  
Taking her bread and theirs ; and on him fell,  
Although a grave and staid God-fearing man,

Yet lying thus inactive, doubt and gloom.  
He seemed, as in a nightmare of the night,  
To see his children leading evermore  
Low miserable lives of hand-to-mouth,  
And her, he loved, a beggar. Then he prayed,  
"Save them from this, whatever comes to me."  
And while he prayed, the master of that ship  
Enoch had served in, hearing his mischance,  
Came, for he knew the man and valued him,  
Reporting of his vessel China-bound,  
And wanting yet a boatswain. Would he go?  
There yet were many weeks before she sailed,  
Sailed from this port. Would Enoch have the place?  
And Enoch all at once assented to it,  
Rejoicing at that answer to his prayer.

So now that shadow of mischance appeared  
No graver than as when some little cloud  
Cuts off the fiery highway of the sun,  
And isles a light in the offing: yet the wife —  
When he was gone — the children — what to do?  
Then Enoch lay long-pondering on his plans:  
To sell the boat — and yet he loved her well —  
How many a rough sea had he weathered in her!  
He knew her as a horseman knows his horse —  
And yet to sell her; then with what she brought  
Buy goods and stores, set Annie forth in trade  
With all that seamen needed, or their wives —  
So might she keep the house while he was gone.  
Should he not trade himself out yonder? go  
This voyage more than once? yea, twice or thrice —  
As oft as needed — last, returning rich,

Become the master of a larger craft,  
With fuller profits lead an easier life,  
Have all his pretty young ones educated,  
And pass his days in peace among his own.

Thus Enoch in his heart determined all ;  
Then moving homeward came on Annie pale,  
Nursing the sickly babe, her latest-born.  
Forward she started with a happy cry,  
And laid the feeble infant in his arms ;  
Whom Enoch took, and handled all his limbs,  
Appraised his weight and fondled father-like,  
But had no heart to break his purposes  
To Annie, till the morrow, when he spoke.



### ENOCH ARDEN.

#### SECOND READING.

THEN first since Enoch's golden ring had girt  
Her finger, Annie fought against his will.  
Yet not with brawling opposition she,  
But manifold entreaties, many a tear,  
Many a sad kiss by day by night renewed  
(Sure that all evil would come out of it)  
Besought him, supplicating, if he cared  
For her or his dear children, not to go.  
He not for his own self caring, but her,  
Her and her children, let her plead in vain ;  
So grieving held his will, and bore it through.



For Enoch parted with his old sea-friend,  
Bought Annie goods and stores, and set his hand  
To fit their little streetward sitting-room  
With shelf and corner for the goods and stores.  
So all day long till Enoch's last at home,  
Shaking their pretty cabin, hammer and ax,  
Auger and saw, while Annie seemed to hear  
Her own death-scaffold raising, shrilled and rang,  
Till this was ended, and his careful hand, —  
The space was narrow, — having ordered all  
Almost as neat and close as Nature packs  
Her blossom or her seedling, paused ; and he,  
Who needs would work for Annie to the last,  
Ascending tired, heavily slept till morn.

And Enoch faced this morning of farewell  
Brightly and boldly. All his Annie's fears,  
Save, as his Annie's, were a laughter to him.  
Yet Enoch as a brave God-fearing man  
Bowed himself down, and in that mystery  
Where God-in-man is one with man-in-God,  
Prayed for a blessing on his wife and babes,  
Whatever came to him. And then he said,  
"Annie, this voyage by the grace of God  
Will bring fair weather yet to all of us.  
Keep a clean hearth and a clear fire for me,  
For I'll be back, my girl, before you know it."  
Then lightly rocking baby's cradle, "And he,  
This pretty, puny, weakly little one, —  
Nay — for I love him all the better for it —  
God bless him, he shall sit upon my knees,  
And I will tell him tales of foreign parts,

And make him merry, when I come home again.  
Come, Annie, come, cheer up before I go."

Him running on thus hopefully she heard,  
And almost hoped herself ; but when he turned  
The current of his talk to graver things,  
In sailor fashion roughly sermonizing  
On providence and trust in Heaven, she heard,  
Heard and not heard him ; as the village girl,  
Who sets her pitcher underneath the spring,  
Musing on him that used to fill it for her,  
Hears and not hears, and lets it overflow.

At length she spoke : " O Enoch, you are wise ;  
And yet for all your wisdom well know I  
That I shall look upon your face no more."

" Well, then," said Enoch, " I shall look on yours.  
Annie, the ship I sail in passes here  
(He named the day) ; get you a seaman's glass,  
Spy out my face, and laugh at all your fears."  
But when the last of those last moments came,  
" Annie, my girl, cheer up, be comforted,  
Look to the babes, and, till I come again,  
Keep every thing shipshape, for I must go.  
And fear no more for me ; or, if you fear,  
Cast all your cares on God : that anchor holds.  
Is he not yonder in those uttermost  
Parts of the morning ? if I flee to these,  
Can I go from him ? and the sea is his,  
The sea is his : he made it."

Enoch rose,  
Cast his strong arms about his drooping wife,  
And kissed his wonder-stricken little ones ;  
But for the third, the sickly one, who slept  
After a night of feverous wakefulness,  
When Annie would have raised him Enoch said,  
“ Wake him not ; let him sleep : how should the child  
Remember this ? ” and kissed him in his cot.  
But Annie from her baby’s forehead clipped  
A tiny curl, and gave it : this he kept  
Through all his future. But now hastily caught  
His bundle, waved his hand, and went his way.  
She, when the day that Enoch mentioned, came,  
Borrowed a glass, but all in vain. Perhaps  
She could not fix the glass to suit her eye ;  
Perhaps her eye was dim, hand tremulous ;  
She saw him not ; and while he stood on deck  
Waving, the moment and the vessel passed.

Even to the last dip of the vanishing sail  
She watched it, and departed weeping for him.  
Then, though she mourned his absence as his grave,  
Set her sad will no less to chime with his,  
But throve not in her trade, not being bred  
To barter, nor compensating the want  
By shrewdness, neither capable of lies,  
Nor asking overmuch and taking less,  
And still foreboding, “ What would Enoch say ? ”  
For more than once, in days of difficulty  
And pressure, had she sold her wares for less  
Than what she gave in buying what she sold :  
She failed and saddened knowing it ; and thus,

Expectant of that news which never came,  
Gained for her own a scanty sustenance,  
And lived a life of silent melancholy.

Now the third child was sickly-born, and grew  
Yet sicklier, though the mother cared for it  
With all a mother's care. Nevertheless,  
Whether her business often called her from it,  
Or through the want of what it needed most,  
Or means to pay the voice who best could tell  
What most it needed — howsoe'er it was,  
After a lingering, ere she was aware, —  
Like the caged bird escaping suddenly,  
The little innocent soul flitted away.  
In that same week when Annie buried it,  
Philip's true heart, which hungered for her peace  
(Since Enoch left he had not looked upon her),  
Smote him as having kept aloof so long.  
"Surely," said Philip, "I may see her now,  
May be some little comfort." Therefore went,  
Passed through the solitary room in front,  
Paused for a moment at an inner door,  
Then struck it thrice, and, no one opening,  
Entered; but Annie, seated with her grief,  
Fresh from the burial of her little one,  
Cared not to look on any human face,  
But turned her own toward the wall and wept.  
Then Philip standing up said falteringly,  
"Annie, I came to ask a favor of you."

He spoke; the passion in her moaned reply,  
"Favor from one so sad and so forlorn

As I am!" half abashed him ; yet unasked,  
His bashfulness and tenderness at war,  
He set himself beside her, saying to her :

"I came to speak to you of what he wished,  
Enoch, your husband : I have ever said  
You chose the best among us, — a strong man :  
For where he fixed his heart he set his hand  
To do the thing he willed, and bore it through.  
And wherefore did he go this weary way,  
And leave you lonely ? not to see the world —  
For pleasure ? — nay, but for the wherewithal  
To give his babes a better bringing-up  
Than his had been, or yours : that was his wish.  
And if he come again, vexed will he be  
To find the precious morning hours were lost.  
And it would vex him even in his grave,  
If he could know his babes were running wild  
Like colts about the waste. So, Annie, now —  
Have we not known each other all our lives ?  
I do beseech you by the love you bear  
Him and his children not to say me nay —  
For, if you will, when Enoch comes again  
Why, then he shall repay me — if you will,  
Annie — for I am rich and well-to-do.  
Now let me put the boy and girl to school :  
This is the favor that I came to ask."

Then Annie with her brows against the wall  
Answered, "I cannot look you in the face ;  
I seem so foolish and so broken down.  
When you came in, my sorrow broke me down ;

And now I think your kindness breaks me down.  
 But Enoch lives — that is borne in on me —  
 He will repay you : money can be repaid ;  
 Not kindness such as yours."

And Philip asked,  
 "Then you will let me, Annie?"

There she turned,  
 She rose, and fixed her swimming eyes upon him,  
 And dwelt a moment on his kindly face,  
 Then calling down a blessing on his head  
 Caught at his hand, and wrung it passionately,  
 And passed into the little garth<sup>1</sup> beyond.  
 So lifted up in spirit he moved away.



### ENOCH ARDEN.

#### THIRD READING.

THEN Philip put the boy and girl to school,  
 And bought them needful books, and every way,  
 Like one who does his duty by his own,  
 Made himself theirs ; and though for Annie's sake,  
 Fearing the lazy gossip of the port,  
 He oft denied his heart his dearest wish,  
 And seldom crossed her threshold, yet he sent  
 Gifts by the children, garden-herbs and fruit,  
 The late and early roses from his wall,  
 Or conies from the down, and now and then,  
 With some pretext of fineness in the meal

<sup>1</sup> *garth*, yard or garden.

To save the offense of charitable, flour  
From his tall mill that whistled on the waste.

But Philip did not fathom Annie's mind :  
Scarce could the woman when he came upon her,  
Out of full heart and boundless gratitude  
Light on a broken word to thank him with.  
But Philip was her children's all-in-all ;  
From distant corners of the street they ran  
To greet his hearty welcome heartily ;  
Lords of his house and of his mill were they ;  
Worried his passive ear with petty wrongs  
Or pleasures, hung upon him, played with him,  
And called him Father Philip. Philip gained  
As Enoch lost ; for Enoch seemed to them  
Uncertain as a vision or a dream,  
Faint as a figure seen in early dawn  
Down at the far end of an avenue,  
Going we know not where : and so ten years,  
Since Enoch left his hearth and native land,  
Fled forward, and no news of Enoch came.

It chanced one evening Annie's children longed  
To go with others, nutting to the wood,  
And Annie would go with them ; then they begged  
For Father Philip (as they called him) too.  
Him, like the working-bee in blossom-dust,  
Blanched with his mill, they found ; and saying to him,  
" Come with us, Father Philip," he denied ;  
But when the children plucked at him to go,  
He laughed, and yielded readily to their wish,  
For was not Annie with them ? and they went.

But after scaling half the weary down,<sup>1</sup>  
Just where the prone edge of the wood began  
To feather toward the hollow, all her force  
Failed her ; and sighing, " Let me rest," she said :  
So Philip rested with her well-content ;  
While all the younger ones with jubilant cries  
Broke from their elders, and tumultuously  
Down through the whitening hazels made a plunge  
To the bottom, and dispersed, and bent or broke  
The lithe reluctant boughs to tear away  
Their tawny clusters, crying to each other  
And calling, here and there, about the wood.

But Philip sitting at her side forgot  
Her presence, and remembered one dark hour  
Here in this wood, when like a wounded life  
He crept into the shadow. At last he said,  
Lifting his honest forehead, " Listen, Annie,  
How merry they are down yonder in the wood.  
Tired, Annie?" for she did not speak a word.  
" Tired?" but her face had fallen upon her hands ;  
At which, as with a kind of anger in him,  
" The ship was lost," he said, " the ship was lost !  
No more of that ! why should you kill yourself  
And make them orphans quite?" And Annie said,  
" I thought not of it ; but — I know not why —  
Their voices make me feel so solitary."

Then Philip coming somewhat closer spoke :  
" Annie, there is a thing upon my mind,  
And it has been upon my mind so long,  
That though I know not when it first came there,

<sup>1</sup> *down*, sand-ridge.



I know that it will out at last. O Annie,  
It is beyond all hope, against all chance,  
That he who left you ten long years ago  
Should still be living. Well then — let me speak :  
I grieve to see you poor and wanting<sup>1</sup> help :  
I can not help you as I wish to do  
Unless — they say that women are so quick —  
Perhaps you know what I would have you know —  
I wish you for my wife. I fain would prove  
A father to your children. I do think  
They love me as a father ; I am sure  
That I love them as if they were mine own ;  
And I believe, if you were fast<sup>2</sup> my wife,  
That after all these sad uncertain years,  
We might be still as happy as God grants  
To any of his creatures. Think upon it :  
For I am well-to-do, — no kin, no care,  
No burden, save my care for you and yours ;  
And we have known each other all our lives,  
And I have loved you longer than you know.”

Then answered Annie ; tenderly she spoke :  
“ You have been as God’s good angel in our house.  
God bless you for it, God reward you for it,  
Philip, with something happier than myself.  
Can one love twice ? can you be ever loved  
As Enoch was ? what is it that you ask ? ”  
“ I am content,” he answered, “ to be loved  
A little after Enoch.” — “ Oh,” she cried,  
Scared as it were, “ dear Philip, wait awhile :  
If Enoch comes — but Enoch will not come —  
Yet wait a year, a year is not so long :

<sup>1</sup> *wanting*, needing.

<sup>2</sup> *fast*, surely.

Surely I shall be wiser in a year :  
Oh, wait a little !” Philip sadly said,  
“ Annie, as I have waited all my life,  
I well may wait a little.” — “ Nay,” she cried,  
“ I am bound : you have my promise — in a year.  
Will you not bide your year as I bide mine ?”  
And Philip answered, “ I will bide my year.”

Here both were mute, till Philip glancing up  
Beheld the dead flame of the fallen day  
Pass from the Danish barrow overhead ;  
Then fearing night and chill for Annie rose,  
And sent his voice beneath him through the wood.  
Up came the children laden with their spoil ;  
Then all descended to the port, and there  
At Annie’s door he paused, and gave his hand,  
Saying gently, “ Annie, when I spoke to you,  
That was your hour of weakness. I was wrong.  
I am always bound to you, but you are free.”  
Then Annie weeping answered, “ I am bound.”

She spoke ; and in one moment as it were,  
While yet she went about her household ways,  
Even as she dwelt upon his latest words,  
That he had loved her longer than she knew,  
That autumn into autumn flashed again,  
And there he stood once more before her face,  
Claiming her promise. “ Is it a year ?” she asked.  
“ Yes, if the nuts,” he said, “ be ripe again :  
Come out and see.” But she — she put him off :  
So much to look to — such a change — a month —  
Give her a month — she knew that she was bound

A month — no more. Then Philip with his eyes  
Full of that lifelong hunger, and his voice  
Shaking a little like a drunkard's hand,  
"Take your own time, Annie, take your own time."  
And Annie could have wept for pity of him  
And yet she held him on delayingly  
With many a scarce-believable excuse,  
Trying his truth and his long-sufferance,  
Till half-another year had slipped away.

By this the lazy gossips of the port,  
Abhorrent of a calculation crossed,  
Began to chafe as at a personal wrong.  
Some thought that Philip did but trifle with her ;  
Some, that she but held off to draw him on ;  
And others laughed at her and Philip too,  
As simple folk that knew not their own minds.

Her own son

Was silent, though he often looked his wish ;  
But evermore the daughter pressed upon her  
To wed the man so dear to all of them,  
And lift the household out of poverty ;  
And Philip's rosy face contracting grew  
Careworn and wan ; and all these things fell on her  
Sharp as reproach.

At last it chanced  
That Annie could not sleep, but earnestly  
Prayed for a sign, "My Enoch, is he gone ?"  
Then compassed round by the blind wall of night  
Brooked not the expectant terror of her heart,  
Started from bed, and struck herself a light,

Then desperately seized the holy Book,  
Suddenly set it wide to find a sign,  
Suddenly put her finger on the text,  
"Under the palm-tree." That was nothing to her :  
No meaning there : she closed the Book and slept :  
When lo! her Enoch sitting on a height,  
Under a palm-tree, over him the Sun :  
"He is gone," she thought, "he is happy, he is singing  
Hosanna in the highest : yonder shines  
The Sun of Righteousness, and these be palms  
Whereof the happy people strowing cried,  
'Hosanna in the highest !'" Here she woke,  
Resolved, sent for him and said wildly to him,  
"There is no reason why we should not wed."  
"Then for God's sake," he answered, "both our sakes  
So you will wed me, let it be at once."

So these were wed, and merrily rang the bells,  
Merrily rang the bells, and they were wed.  
But never merrily beat Annie's heart.  
A footstep seemed to fall beside her path,  
She knew not whence ; a whisper on her ear,  
She knew not what ; nor loved she to be left  
Alone at home, nor ventured out alone.

---

**ENOCH ARDEN.**

## FOURTH READING.

AND where was Enoch ? prosperously sailed  
The ship "Good Fortune," though at setting forth

The Biscay, roughly ridging eastward, shook  
And almost overwhelmed her, yet unvexed  
She slipped across the summer of the world,  
Then after a long tumble about the Cape  
And frequent interchange of foul and fair,  
She passing through the summer world again,  
The breath of heaven came continually  
And sent her sweetly by the golden isles,  
Till silent in her Oriental haven.

There Enoch traded for himself, and bought  
Quaint monsters for the market of those times,  
A gilded dragon, also, for the babes.

Less lucky her home-voyage : at first indeed  
Through many a fair sea-circle, day by day,  
Scarce-rocking, her full-busted figure-head  
Stared o'er the ripple feathering from her bows :  
Then followed calms, and then winds variable,  
Then baffling, a long course of them ; and last  
Storm, such as drove her under moonless heavens  
Till hard upon the cry of "Breakers !" came  
The crash of ruin, and the loss of all  
But Enoch and two others. Half the night,  
Buoyed upon floating tackle and broken spars,  
These drifted, stranding on an isle at morn  
Rich, but the loneliest in a lonely sea.

No want was there of human sustenance,  
Soft fruitage, mighty nuts, and nourishing roots ;  
Nor save for pity was it hard to take  
The helpless life so wild that it was tame.

There in a seaward-gazing mountain-gorge  
They built, and thatched with leaves of palm, a hut,  
Half hut, half native cavern. So the three,  
Set in this Eden of all plenteousness,  
Dwelt with eternal summer, ill-content.

For one, the youngest, hardly more than boy,  
Hurt in that night of sudden ruin and wreck,  
Lay lingering out a five-years' death-in-life.  
They could not leave him. After he was gone,  
The two remaining found a fallen stem ;  
And Enoch's comrade, careless of himself,  
Fire-hollowing this in Indian fashion, fell  
Sun-stricken, and that other lived alone.  
In those two deaths he read God's warning, " Wait."

The mountain wooded to the peak, the lawns  
And winding glades high up like ways to heaven,  
The slender cocoa's drooping crown of plumes,  
The lightning flash of insect and of bird,  
The luster of the long convolvuluses  
That coiled around the stately stems, and ran  
Even to the limit of the land, the glows  
And glories of the broad belt of the world,  
All these he saw ; but what he fain had seen  
He could not see, the kindly human face,  
Nor ever hear a kindly voice, but heard  
The myriad shriek of wheeling ocean-fowl,  
The league-long roller thundering on the reef,  
The moving whisper of huge trees that branched  
And blossomed in the zenith, or the sweep  
Of some precipitous rivulet to the wave,

As down the shore he ranged, or all day long  
Sat often in the seaward-gazing gorge,  
A shipwrecked sailor, waiting for a sail.  
No sail from day to day, but every day  
The sunrise broken into scarlet shafts  
Among the palms and ferns and precipices ;  
The blaze upon the waters to the east ;  
The blaze upon his island overhead ;  
The blaze upon the waters to the west ;  
Then the great stars that globed themselves in heaven,  
The hollower-bellowing ocean, and again  
The scarlet shafts of sunrise, — but no sail.

There often as he watched or seemed to watch,  
So still, the golden lizard on him paused,  
A phantom made of many phantoms moved  
Before him haunting him, or he himself  
Moved haunting people, things and places known  
Far in a darker isle beyond the line ;  
The babes, their babble, Annie, the small house,  
The climbing street, the mill, the leafy lanes,  
The peacock-yewtree and the lonely Hall,  
The horse he drove, the boat he sold, the chill  
November dawns and dewy-glooming downs,  
The gentle shower, the smell of dying leaves,  
And the low moan of leaden-colored seas.

Once likewise, in the ringing of his ears,  
Though faintly, merrily — far and far away —  
He heard the pealing of his parish bells ;  
Then, though he knew not wherefore, started up  
Shuddering, and when the beauteous hateful isle

Returned upon him, had not his poor heart  
Spoken with That, which being everywhere  
Lets none, who speaks with Him, seem all alone,  
Surely the man had died of solitude.

**ENOCH ARDEN.**

FIFTH READING.

THUS over Enoch's early-silvering head  
The sunny and rainy seasons came and went  
Year after year. His hopes to see his own,  
And pace the sacred old familiar fields,  
Not yet had perished, when his lonely doom  
Came suddenly to an end. Another ship  
(She wanted water) blown by baffling winds,  
Like the "Good Fortune," from her destined course,  
Stayed by this isle, not knowing where she lay :  
For since the mate had seen at early dawn  
Across a break on the mist-wreathen isle  
The silent water slipping from the hills,  
They sent a crew that landing burst away  
In search of stream or fount, and filled the shores  
With clamor. Downward from his mountain-gorge  
Stepped the long-haired, long-bearded solitary,  
Brown, looking hardly human, strangely clad,  
Muttering and mumbling, idiot-like it seemed,  
With inarticulate rage, and making signs  
They knew not what : and yet he led the way  
To where the rivulets of sweet water ran ;  
And ever as he mingled with the crew,



And heard them talking, his long-bounden tongue  
Was loosened, till he made them understand ;  
Whom when their casks were filled they took aboard :  
And there the tale he uttered brokenly,  
Scarce-credited at first, but more and more,  
Amazed and melted all who listened to it :  
And clothes they gave him and free passage home ;  
But oft he worked among the rest and shook  
His isolation from him. None of these  
Came from his county, or could answer him,  
If questioned, aught of what he cared to know.  
And dull the voyage was with long delays,  
The vessel scarce sea-worthy ; but evermore  
His fancy fled before the lazy wind  
Returning, till beneath a clouded moon  
He like a lover down through all his blood  
Drew in the dewy meadowy morning-breath  
Of England, blown across her ghostly wall :  
And that same morning officers and men  
Levied a kindly tax upon themselves,  
Pitying the lonely man, and gave him it :  
Then moving up the coast they landed him,  
Even in that harbor whence he sailed before.

There Enoch spoke no word to any one,  
But homeward — home — what home ? had he a home .  
His home, he walked. Bright was that afternoon,  
Sunny but chill ; till drawn through either chasm,  
Where either haven opened on the deeps,  
Rolled a sea-haze and whelmed the world in gray ;  
Cut off the length of highway on before,  
And left but narrow breadth to left and right

Of withered holt<sup>1</sup> or tilth<sup>2</sup> or pasturage.  
On the nigh-naked tree the robin piped  
Disconsolate, and through the dripping haze  
The dead weight of the dead leaf bore it down :  
Thicker the drizzle grew, deeper the gloom ;  
Last, as it seemed, a great mist-blotted light  
Flared on him, and he came upon the place.

Then down the long street having slowly stolen,  
His heart foreshadowing all calamity,  
His eyes upon the stones, he reached the home  
Where Annie lived and loved him, and his babes  
In those far-off seven happy years were born ;  
But finding neither light nor murmur there  
(A bill of sale gleamed through the drizzle) crept  
Still downward thinking, "Dead or dead to me!"

Down to the pool and narrow wharf he went,  
Seeking a tavern which of old he knew,  
A front of timber-crossed antiquity,  
So propped, worm-eaten, ruinously old,  
He thought it must have gone ; but he was gone  
Who kept it ; and his widow, Miriam Lane,  
With daily-dwindling profits held the house ;  
A haunt of brawling seamen once, but now  
Still, with yet a bed for wandering men.  
There Enoch rested silent many days.

But Miriam Lane was good and garrulous,  
Nor let him be, but often breaking in,  
Told him, with other annals of the port,

<sup>1</sup> *holt*, a wood.

<sup>2</sup> *tilth*, tilled ground.

Not knowing — Enoch was so brown, so bowed,  
So broken — all the story of his house:  
His baby's death, her growing poverty,  
How Philip put her little ones to school,  
And kept them in it, his long wooing her,  
Her slow consent, and marriage, and the birth  
Of Philip's child : and o'er his countenance  
No shadow passed, nor motion : any one,  
Regarding, well had deemed he felt the tale  
Less than the teller : only when she closed,  
" Enoch, poor man, was cast away and lost,"  
He, shaking his gray head pathetically,  
Repeated muttering, " Cast away and lost ;"  
Again in deeper inward whispers, " Lost !"

But Enoch yearned to see her face again ;  
" If I might look on her sweet face again  
And know that she is happy." So the thought  
Haunted and harassed him, and drove him forth,  
At evening when the dull November day  
Was growing duller twilight, to the hill.  
There he sat down gazing on all below ;  
There did a thousand memories roll upon him,  
Unspeakable for sadness. By and by  
The ruddy square of comfortable light,  
Far-blazing from the rear of Philip's house,  
Allured him, as the beacon-blaze allures  
The bird of passage, till he madly strikes  
Against it, and beats out his weary life.

For Philip's dwelling fronted on the street,  
The latest house to landward ; but behind,

With one small gate that opened on the waste,  
Flourished a little garden square and walled :  
And in it throve an ancient evergreen,  
A yew-tree, and all around it ran a walk  
Of shingle, and a walk divided it :  
But Enoch shunned the middle walk, and stole  
Up by the wall, behind the yew ; and thence  
That which he better might have shunned (if griefs  
Like his have worse or better), Enoch saw.

For cups and silver on the burnished board  
Sparkled and shone ; so genial was the hearth :  
And on the right hand of the hearth he saw  
Philip, the slighted suitor of old times,  
Stout, rosy, with his babe across his knees  
And o'er her second father stooped a girl,  
A later but a loftier Annie Lee,  
Fair-haired and tall, and from her lifted hand  
Dangled a length of ribbon and a ring.  
To tempt the babe, who reared his creasy arms,  
Caught at, and ever missed it, and they laughed :  
And on the left hand of the hearth he saw  
The mother glancing often toward her babe,  
But turning now and then to speak with him,  
Her son, who stood beside her tall and strong,  
And saying that which pleased him, for he smiled.

Now when the dead man come to life beheld  
His wife his wife no more, and saw the babe  
Hers, yet not his, upon the father's knee,  
And all the warmth, the peace, the happiness,  
And his own children tall and beautiful,

And him, that other, reigning in his place,  
Lord of his rights and of his children's love, —  
Then he, though Miriam Lane had told him all,  
(Because things seen are mightier than things heard)  
Staggered and shook, holding the branch, and feared,  
To send abroad a shrill and terrible cry,  
Which in one moment, like the blast of doom,  
Would shatter all the happiness of the hearth.

He therefore turning softly like a thief,  
Lest the harsh shingle should grate under foot,  
And feeling all along the garden wall,  
Lest he should swoon and tumble and be found,  
Crept to the gate, and opened it, and closed,  
As lightly as a sick man's chamber-door,  
Behind him, and came out upon the waste.

And there he would have knelt, but that his knees  
Were feeble, so that falling prone he dug  
His fingers into the wet earth, and prayed.

“Too hard to bear ! why did they take me thence ?  
O God Almighty, blessed Saviour, thou  
That didst uphold me on my lonely isle,  
Uphold me, Father, in my loneliness  
A little longer ! aid me, give me strength  
Not to tell her, never to let her know.  
Help me not to break in upon her peace.  
My children too ! must I not speak to these ?  
They know me not. I should betray myself.  
Never : no father's kiss for me, — the girl  
So like her mother, and the boy, my son.”

There speech and thought and nature failed a little,  
And he lay tranced ; but when he rose and paced  
Back toward his solitary home again,  
All down the long and narrow street he went  
Beating it in upon his weary brain,  
As though it were the burden of a song,  
“ Not to tell her, never to let her know.”

---

**ENOCH ARDEN.**

## SIXTH READING.

HE was not all unhappy. His resolve  
Upbore him, and firm faith, and evermore  
Prayer from a living source within the will,  
And beating up through all the bitter world,  
Like fountains of sweet water in the sea,  
Kept him a living soul. “ This miller’s wife,”  
He said to Miriam, “ that you spoke about,  
Has she no fear that her first husband lives ?”  
“ Ay, ay, poor soul,” said Miriam, “ fear enow !  
If you could tell her you had seen him dead,  
Why, that would be her comfort ;” and he thought,  
“ After the Lord has called me she shall know,  
I wait His time ;” and Enoch set himself,  
Scorning an alms, to work whereby to live.  
Almost to all things could he turn his hand.  
Cooper he was and carpenter, and wrought  
To make the boatmen fishing-nets, or helped  
At lading and unlading the tall barks,

That brought the stinted commerce of those days ;  
Thus earned a scanty living for himself :  
Yet, since he did but labor for himself,  
Work without hope, there was not life in it  
Whereby the man could live ; and as the year  
Rolled itself round again to meet the day  
When Enoch had returned, a languor came  
Upon him, gentle sickness, gradually  
Weakening the man, till he could do no more,  
But kept the house, his chair, and last his bed.  
And Enoch bore his weakness cheerfully.  
For sure no gladlier does the stranded wreck  
See through the gray skirts of a lifting squall  
The boat that bears the hope of life approach  
To save the life despaired of, than he saw  
Death dawning on him, and the close of all.

For through that dawning gleamed a kindlier hope  
On Enoch thinking, " After I am gone,  
Then may she learn I loved her to the last."  
He called aloud for Miriam Lane and said,  
" Woman, I have a secret, — only swear,  
Before I tell you, — swear upon the book  
Not to reveal it, till you see me dead."  
" Dead," clamored the good woman, " hear him talk !  
I warrant, man, that we shall bring you round."  
" Swear," added Enoch sternly, " on the book."  
And on the book, half-frighted, Miriam swore.  
Then Enoch, rolling his gray eyes upon her,  
" Did you know Enoch Arden of this town ?"  
" Know him ?" she said, " I knew him far away  
Ay, ay, I mind him coming down the street :

Held his head high, and cared for no man, he."  
Slowly and sadly Enoch answered her :  
" His head is low, and no man cares for him.  
I think I have not three days more to live ;  
I am the man." At which the woman gave  
A half-incredulous, half-hysterical cry.  
" You Arden, you ! nay, — sure he was a foot  
Higher than you be." Enoch said again,  
" My God has bowed me down to what I am ;  
My grief and solitude have broken me ;  
Nevertheless, know you that I am he  
Who married — but that name has twice been changed,  
I married her who married Philip Ray.  
Sit, listen." Then he told her of his voyage,  
His wreck, his lonely life, his coming back,  
His gazing in on Annie, his resolve,  
And how he kept it. As the woman heard,  
Fast flowed the current of her easy tears,  
While in her heart she yearned incessantly  
To rush abroad all round the little haven,  
Proclaiming Enoch Arden and his woes ;  
But awed and promise-bounden she forbore,  
Saying only, " See your bairns before you go !  
Eh, let me fetch 'em, Arden," and arose  
Eager to bring them down, for Enoch hung  
A moment on her words, but then replied :

" Woman, disturb me not now at the last,  
But let me hold my purpose till I die.  
Sit down again ; mark me and understand,  
While I have power to speak. I charge you now,  
When you shall see her, tell her that I died



Blessing her, praying for her, loving her ;  
Save for the bar between us, loving her  
As when she laid her head beside my own.  
And tell my daughter Annie, whom I saw  
So like her mother, that my latest breath  
Was spent in blessing her and praying for her.  
And tell my son that I died blessing him.  
And say to Philip that I blessed him too ;  
He never meant us any thing but good.  
But if my children care to see me dead,  
Who hardly knew me living, let them come,  
I am their father ; but she must not come,  
For my dead face would vex her after-life.  
And now there is but one of all my blood,  
Who will embrace me in the world-to-be :  
This hair is his ; she cut it off and gave it,  
And I have borne it with me all these years,  
And thought to bear it with me to my grave ;  
But now my mind is changed, for I shall see him,  
My babe in bliss : wherefore when I am gone,  
Take, give her this, for it may comfort her :  
It will moreover be a token to her,  
That I am he."

He ceased ; and Miriam Lane  
Made such a voluble answer promising all,  
That once again he rolled his eyes upon her  
Repeating all he wished, and once again  
She promised.

Then the third night after this,  
While Enoch slumbered motionless and pale,

And Miriam watched and dozed at intervals,  
There came so loud a calling of the sea,  
That all the houses in the haven rang.  
He woke, he rose, he spread his arms abroad,  
Crying with a loud voice, "A sail! a sail!  
I am saved;" and so fell back and spoke no more.

So passed the strong heroic soul away.  
And when they buried him the little port  
Had seldom seen a costlier funeral.



## WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

1811-1863.

COL. NEWCOME IN THE CAVE OF HARMONY.<sup>1</sup>

<i>im-prov-vl-sa-to're</i> , one who com- poses and sings extempore. <i>long-bow</i> , fib, invention.	<i>naïve-té</i> ( <i>nä'iv-tä</i> ), ingenuousness. <i>re-per-toire'</i> ( <i>rä-per-tvä'r'</i> ), reper- tory or collection.
--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

THERE came into the "Cave" a gentleman with a lean brown face and long black mustachios, dressed in very loose clothes, and evidently a stranger to the place. At least, he had not visited it for a long time. He was pointing out changes to a lad who was in his company; and, calling for sherry-and-water, he listened to the music, and twirled his mustachios with great enthusiasm.

At the very first glimpse of me, the boy jumped up from the table, bounded across the room, ran to me with his hands out, and, blushing, said, "Don't you know me?"

It was little Newcome, my schoolfellow, whom I had not seen for six years, grown a fine tall young stripling now, with the same bright blue eyes which I remembered when he was quite a little boy.

"What the deuce brings you here?" said I.

He laughed and looked roguish. "My father — that's my father — would come. He's just come back from India. He says all the wits used to come here, — Mr.

<sup>1</sup> From *The Newcomes*.

Sheridan, Captain Morris, Colonel Hanger, Professor Porson. I told him your name, and that you used to be very kind to me when I first went to Smithfield. I've left now: I'm to have a private tutor. I say, I've got such a jolly pony. It's better fun than old Smiffle."

Here the whiskered gentleman, Newcome's father, pointing to a waiter to follow him with his glass of sherry-and-water, strode across the room twirling his mustachios, and came up to the table where we sat, making a salutation with his hat in a very stately and polite manner, so that Hoskins himself was, as it were, obliged to bow; the glee-singers murmured among themselves (their eyes rolling over their glasses towards one another as they sucked brandy-and-water), and that mischievous little wag, little Nadab the improvvisatore (who had just come in), began to mimic him, feeling his imaginary whiskers, after the manner of the stranger, and flapping about his pocket-handkerchief in the most ludicrous manner. Hoskins checked this ribaldry by sternly looking towards Nadab, and at the same time calling upon the gents to give their orders, the waiter being in the room, and Mr. Bellew about to sing a song.

Newcome's father came up, and held out his hand to me. I dare say I blushed, for I had been comparing him to the admirable Harley in the "Critic," and had christened him Don Ferolo Whiskerandos.

He spoke in a voice exceedingly soft and pleasant, and with a cordiality so simple and sincere that my laughter shrank away ashamed, and gave place to a feeling much more respectful and friendly. In youth, you see, one is touched by kindness. A man of the world may, of course, be grateful or not as he chooses.

“I have heard of your kindness, sir,” says he, “to my boy. And whoever is kind to him is kind to me. Will you allow me to sit down by you? and may I beg you to try my cheroots?” We were friends in a minute, — young Newcome snuggling by my side, his father opposite, to whom, after a minute or two of conversation, I presented my three college friends.

“You have come here, gentlemen, to see the wits,” says the Colonel. “Are there any celebrated persons in the room? I have been five-and-thirty years from home, and want to see all that is to be seen.”

King of Corpus (who was an incorrigible wag) was on the point of pulling some dreadful long-bow, and pointing out a half-dozen of people in the room, as Rogers, and Hook, and Luttrell, &c., the most celebrated wits of that day; but I cut King’s shins under the table, and got the fellow to hold his tongue.

“*Maxima debetur pueris,*” says Jones (a fellow of very kind feeling, who has gone into the Church since), and, writing on his card to Hoskins, hinted to him that a boy was in the room, and a gentleman who was quite a greenhorn: hence that the songs had better be carefully selected.

And so they were. A lady’s school might have come in, and, but for the smell of the cigars and brandy-and-water, have taken no harm by what happened. Why should it not always be so? If there are any “Caves of Harmony” now, I warrant messieurs the landlords their interests would be better consulted by keeping their singers within bounds. The very greatest scamps like pretty songs, and are melted by them; so are honest people. It was worth a guinea to see the simple

Colonel, and his delight at the music. He forgot all about the distinguished wits whom he had expected to see, in his rapture over the glees.

"I say, Clive, this is delightful. This is better than your aunt's concert with all the Squallinis, hey? I shall come here often. Landlord, may I venture to ask those gentlemen if they will take any refreshment? What are their names?" (to one of his neighbors.) "I was scarcely allowed to hear any singing before I went out, except an oratorio, where I fell asleep; but this, by George, is as fine as Incledon!" He became quite excited over his sherry-and-water. ("I'm sorry to see you, gentlemen, drinking brandy-pawnee," says he; "it plays the deuce with our young men in India.") He joined in all the choruses with an exceedingly sweet voice. He laughed at "The Derby Ram" so that it did you good to hear him; and when Hoskins sang (as he did admirably) "The Old English Gentleman," and described, in measured cadence, the death of that venerable aristocrat, tears trickled down the honest warrior's cheek, while he held out his hand to Hoskins, and said, "Thank you, sir, for that song; it is an honor to human nature." On which Hoskins began to cry too.

And now young Nadab, having been cautioned, commenced one of those surprising feats of improvisation with which he used to charm audiences. He took us all off, and had rhymes pat about all the principal persons in the room: King's pins (which he wore very splendid), Martin's red waistcoat, &c. The Colonel was charmed with each feat, and joined delighted to the chorus, "Ritolderol-ritolderol ritolderolderay" (*bis*). And when, coming to the Colonel himself, he burst out, —

"A military gent I see — and while his face I scan,  
I think you'll all agree with me — He came from Hindostan.  
And by his side sits laughing free — A youth with curly head.  
I think you'll all agree with me — that he was best in bed. Ritol-  
derol," &c., —

The Colonel laughed immensely at this sally, and clapped his son, young Clive, on the shoulder: "Hear what he says of you, sir? Clive, best be off to bed, my boy, — ho, ho! No, no. We know a trick worth two of that. 'We won't go home till morning, till daylight does appear.' Why should we? Why shouldn't my boy have innocent pleasure? I was allowed none when I was a young chap, and the severity was nearly the ruin of me. I must go and speak with that young man — the most astonishing thing I ever heard in my life. What's his name? Mr. Nadab? Mr. Nadab, sir, you have delighted me. May I make so free as to ask you to come and dine with me to-morrow at six? Colonel Newcome, if you please, Nerot's Hotel, Clifford Street. I am always proud to make the acquaintance of men of genius, and you are one, or my name is not Newcome!"

"Sir, you do me Hhonor," says Mr. Nadab, pulling up his shirt-collars, "and per'aps the day will come when the world will do me justice — may I put down your hhonored name for my book of poems?"

"Of course, my dear sir," says the enthusiastic Colonel: "I'll send them all over India. Put me down for six copies, and do me the favor to bring them to-morrow when you come to dinner."

And now, Mr. Hoskins asking if any gentleman would volunteer a song, what was our amazement when the simple Colonel offered to sing himself, at which the

room applauded vociferously; whilst methought poor Clive Newcome hung down his head, and blushed as red as a peony. I felt for the young lad, and thought what my own sensations would have been if, in that place, my own uncle, Major Pendennis, had suddenly proposed to exert his lyrical powers.

The Colonel selected the ditty of "Wapping Old Stairs" (a ballad so sweet and touching that surely any English poet might be proud to be the father of it), and he sang this quaint and charming old song in an exceedingly pleasant voice, with flourishes and roulades in the old Incedon manner, which has pretty nearly passed away. The singer gave his heart and soul to the simple ballad, and delivered Molly's gentle appeal so pathetically that even the professional gentlemen hummed and buzzed a sincere applause; and some wags who were inclined to jeer at the beginning of the performance clinked their glasses and rapped their sticks with quite a respectful enthusiasm. When the song was over, Clive held up his head too; after the shock of the first verse, looked round with surprise and pleasure in his eyes; and we, I need not say, backed our friend, delighted to see him come out of his queer scrape so triumphantly. The Colonel bowed and smiled with very pleasant good-nature at our plaudits. It was like Dr. Primrose preaching his sermon in the prison. There was something touching in the *naïveté* and kindness of the placid and simple gentleman.

Great Hoskins, placed on high, amidst the tuneful choir, was pleased to signify his approbation, and gave his guest's health in his usual dignified manner. "I am much obliged to you, sir," says Mr. Hoskins; "the



room ought to be much obliged to you: I drink your 'ealth and song, sir;" and he bowed to the Colonel politely over his glass of brandy-and-water, of which he absorbed a little in his customer's honor. "I have not heard that song," he was kind enough to say, "better performed since Mr. Incledon sung it. He was a great singer, sir: I may say, in the words of our immortal Shakspeare, that, take him for all in all, we shall not look upon his like again."

The Colonel blushed in his turn, and, turning round to his boy with an arch smile, said, "I learnt it from Incledon. I used to slip out from Greyfriars to hear him, Heaven bless me! forty years ago; and I used to be flogged afterwards, and served me right too. Lord! Lord! how the time passes!" He drank off his sherry-and-water, and fell back in his chair; we could see he was thinking about his youth,—the golden time,—the happy, the bright, the unforgotten. I was myself nearly two-and-twenty years of age at that period, and felt as old as, ay, older than, the Colonel.

Whilst he was singing his ballad, there had walked, or rather reeled, into the room, a gentleman in a military frock-coat and duck trousers of dubious hue, with whose name and person some of my readers are perhaps already acquainted. In fact, it was my friend Captain Costigan, in his usual condition at this hour of the night.

Holding on by various tables, the Captain had sidled up, without accident to himself or any of the jugs and glasses round about him, to the table where we sat, and had taken his place near the writer, his old acquaintance. He warbled the refrain of the Colonel's song,

not inharmoniously; and saluted his pathetic conclusion with a subdued hiccough, and a plentiful effusion of tears. "Bedad, it is a beautiful song," says he, "and many a time I heard poor Harry Incedon sing it."

"He's a great character," whispered that unlucky King of Corpus to his neighbor the Colonel; "was a captain in the army. We call him the General. Captain Costigan, will you take something to drink?"

"Bedad I will," says the captain, "and I'll sing ye a song tu."

And, having procured a glass of whisky-and-water from the passing waiter, the poor old man, settling his face into a horrid grin, and leering, as he was wont, when he gave what he called one of his prime songs, began his music.

The unlucky wretch, who scarcely knew what he was doing or saying, selected one of the most outrageous performances of his *répertoire*, fired off a tipsy howl by way of overture, and away he went. At the end of the second verse the Colonel started up, clapping on his hat, seizing his stick, and looking as ferocious as though he had been going to do battle with a Pindaree. "Silence!" he roared out.

"Hear, hear!" cried certain wags at a farther table. "Go on, Costigan," said others.

"Go on!" cries the Colonel, in his high voice, trembling with anger. "Does any gentleman say 'Go on'? Does any man who has a wife and sisters or children at home, say 'Go on' to such disgusting ribaldry as this? Do you dare, sir, to call yourself a gentleman, and to sit down amongst Christians and men of honor, and defile the ears of young boys with this wicked balderdash?"

"Why do you bring young boys here, old boy?" cries a voice of the malcontents.

"Why? Because I thought I was coming to a society of gentlemen," cried out the indignant Colonel. "Because I never could have believed that Englishmen could meet together, and allow a man, and an old man, so to disgrace himself. For shame, you old wretch! Go home to your bed, you hoary old sinner! And, for my part, I'm not sorry that my son should see, for once in his life, to what shame and degradation and dishonor drunkenness and whisky may bring a man. Never mind the change, sir!—curse the change!" says the Colonel, facing the amazed waiter. "Keep it till you see me in this place again: which will be never,—by George, never!" And shouldering his stick, and scowling round at the company of scared bacchanalians, the indignant gentleman stalked away, his boy after him.



### CHARITY AND HUMOR.

#### FIRST READING.

<p><i>a-bet'ting</i>, assisting.</p> <p><i>eb-ul-lit'ion</i> (<i>-lish'un</i>), outward display.</p> <p><i>ep-i-cu're-an</i>, one given to pleasure.</p> <p><i>flic-flac</i>, a step in dancing.</p> <p><i>i-ras'ci-ble</i>, given to anger.</p>	<p><i>lax</i>, loose.</p> <p><i>os-ten-tā'tion</i>, ambitious display.</p> <p><i>pir-ou-ette'</i> (<i>pir-oo-et'</i>), a whirling on the toes in dancing.</p> <p><i>seign-eur</i> (<i>seen-year</i>), a lord.</p> <p><i>shan-dry-dan'</i>, a vehicle.</p>
--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

SEVERAL charitable ladies of this city, to some of whom I am under great personal obligation, having thought that a lecture of mine would advance a benevolent end which they had in view, I have preferred, in

place of delivering a discourse, which many of my hearers no doubt know already, upon a subject merely literary or biographical, to put together a few thoughts, which may serve as a supplement to the former lectures, if you like, and which have this, at least, in common with the kind purpose which assembles you here, — that they rise out of the same occasion, and treat of charity.

Besides contributing to our stock of happiness, to our harmless laughter and amusement, to our scorn for falsehood and pretension, to our righteous hatred of hypocrisy, to our education in the perception of truth, our love of honesty, our knowledge of life, and shrewd guidance through the world, have not our humorous writers, our gay and kind week-day preachers, done much in support of that holy cause which has assembled you in this place, and which you are all abetting? — the cause of love and charity; the cause of the poor, the weak, and the unhappy; the sweet mission of love and tenderness, and peace and good-will toward men.

That same theme which is urged upon you by the eloquence and example of good men to whom you are delighted listeners on sabbath days is taught in his way, and according to his power, by the humorous writer, the commentator on every-day life and manners. And as you are here assembled for a charitable purpose, giving your contributions at the door to benefit deserving people who need them without, I like to hope and think that the men of our calling have done something in aid of the cause of charity, and have helped with kind words and kind thoughts, at least, to confer happiness and to do good.

If the humorous writers claim to be week-day preachers, have they conferred any benefit by their sermons? Are people happier, better, better disposed to their neighbors, more inclined to do works of kindness, to love, forbear, forgive, pity, after reading in Addison, in Steele, in Fielding, in Goldsmith, in Hood, in Dickens? I hope and believe so, and fancy, that, in writing, they are also acting charitably; contributing, with the means which Heaven supplies them, to forward the end which brings you, too, together. A love of the human species is a very vague and indefinite kind of virtue, sitting very easily on a man, not confining his actions at all, shining in print, or exploding in paragraphs; after which efforts of benevolence, the philanthropist is sometimes said to go home, and be no better than his neighbors.

Tartuffe and Joseph Surface, Stiggins and Chadband, who are always preaching fine sentiments, and are no more virtuous than hundreds of those whom they denounce and whom they cheat, are fair objects of mistrust and satire; but their hypocrisy (the homage, according to the old saying, which vice pays to virtue) has this of good in it,—that its fruits are good. A man may preach good morals, though he may be himself but a lax practitioner: a Pharisee may put pieces of gold into the charity-plate out of mere hypocrisy and ostentation; but the bad man's gold feeds the widow and fatherless as well as the good man's. The butcher and baker must needs look, not to motives, but to money, in return for their wares. I am not going to hint that we of the literary calling resemble Monsieur Tartuffe or Monsieur Stiggins; though there may be such men in our body, as there are in all.

A literary man of the humoristic turn is pretty sure to be of a philanthropic nature; to have a great sensibility; to be easily moved to pain or pleasure; keenly to appreciate the varieties of temper of people round about him, and sympathize in their laughter, love, amusement, tears. Such a man is philanthropic, man-loving, by nature, as another is irascible or red-haired or six feet high. And so I would arrogate no particular merit to literary men for the possession of this faculty of doing good, which some of them enjoy. It costs a gentleman no sacrifice to be benevolent on paper; and the luxury of indulging in the most beautiful and brilliant sentiments never makes any man a penny the poorer. A literary man is no better than another, as far as my experience goes; and a man writing a book, no better nor no worse than one who keeps accounts in a ledger, or follows any other occupation.

Let us, however, give him credit for the good, at least, which he is the means of doing, as we give credit to a man with a million for the hundred which he puts into the plate at a charity-sermon. He never misses them: he has made them in a moment, by a lucky speculation; and parts with them, knowing that he has an almost endless balance at his bank, whence he can call for more. But, in esteeming the benefaction, we are grateful to the benefactor too, somewhat. And so of men of genius, richly endowed, and lavish in parting with their mind's wealth; we may view them at least kindly and favorably, and be thankful for the bounty of which Providence has made them the dispensers.

I have said myself somewhere, I do not know with what correctness (for definitions never are complete),

that humor is wit and love: I am sure, at any rate, that the best humor is that which contains most humanity, —that which is flavored throughout with tenderness and kindness. This love does not demand constant utterance or actual expression; as a good father; in conversation with his children or wife, is not perpetually embracing them, or making protestations of his love; as a lover in the society of his mistress is not, at least as far as I am led to believe, for ever squeezing her hand, or sighing in her ear, “My soul’s darling, I adore you!” He shows his love by his conduct, by his fidelity, by his watchful desire to make the beloved person happy. It lightens from his eyes when she appears, though he may not speak it; it fills his heart when she is present or absent; influences all his words and actions; suffuses his whole being. It sets the father cheerily to work through the long day; supports him through the tedious labor of the weary absence or journey; and sends him happy home again, yearning towards the wife and children. This kind of love is not a spasm, but a life. It fondles and caresses at due seasons, no doubt; but the fond heart is always beating fondly and truly, though the wife is not sitting hand in hand with him, or the children hugging at his knee.

And so with a loving humor. I think it is a genial writer’s habit of being; it is the kind, gentle spirit’s way of looking out on the world, —that sweet friendliness which fills his heart and his style. You recognize it, even though there may not be a single point of wit or a single pathetic touch in the page, though you may not be called upon to salute his genius by a laugh or a tear. That collision of ideas which provokes the one

or the other must be occasional. They must be like papa's embraces, which I spoke of anon, who only delivers them now and then, and can not be expected to go on kissing the children all night. And so the writer's jokes and sentiment, his ebullitions of feeling, his outbreaks of high spirits, must not be too frequent. One tires of a page of which every sentence sparkles with points; of a sentimentalist who is always pumping the tears from his eyes or your own. One suspects the genuineness of the tear, the naturalness of the humor; these ought to be true and manly in a man, as every thing else in his life should be manly and true; and he loses his dignity by laughing or weeping out of place, or too often.

When the Rev. Laurence Sterne begins to sentimentalize over the carriage in Monsieur Dessein's courtyard, and pretends to squeeze a tear out of a rickety old shandrydan; when, presently, he encounters the dead donkey on his road to Paris, and snivels over that asinine corpse, — I say, "Away, you driveling quack! do not palm off these grimaces of grief upon simple folks who know no better, and cry, misled by your hypocrisy." Tears are sacred. The tributes of kind hearts to misfortune, the mites which gentle souls drop into the collections made for God's poor and unhappy, are not to be tricked out of them by a whimpering hypocrite handing round a begging-box for your compassion, and asking your pity for a lie. When that same man tells me of Lefèvre's illness and Uncle Toby's charity, of the noble at Rennes coming home and reclaiming his sword, I thank him for the generous emotion, which, springing genuinely from his own



heart, has caused mine to admire benevolence, and sympathize with honor, and to feel love and kindness and pity.

If I do not love Swift (as, thank God! I do not, however immensely I may admire him), it is because I revolt from the man who placards himself as a professional hater of his own kind; because he chisels his savage indignation on his tombstone, as if to perpetuate his protest against being born of our race, — the suffering, the weak, the erring, the wicked, if you will, but still the friendly, the loving children of God our Father; it is because, as I read through Swift's dark volumes, I never find the aspect of nature seems to delight him, the smiles of children to please him, the sight of wedded love to soothe him.

I do not remember in any line of his writing, a passing allusion to a natural scene of beauty. When he speaks about the families of his comrades and brother-clergymen, it is to assail them with gibes and scorn, and to laugh at them brutally for being fathers and for being poor. He does mention in the journal to Stella a sick child, to be sure, a child of Lady Masham, that was ill of the small-pox, — but then it is to confound the brat for being ill, and the mother for attending to it when she should have been busy about a court intrigue in which the dean was deeply engaged. And he alludes to a suitor of Stella's, and a match she might have made, and would have made, very likely, with an honorable and faithful and attached man, Tisdall, who loved her; and of whom Swift speaks, in a letter to this lady, in language so foul that you would not bear to hear it. In treating of the good the humorists have

done, of the love and kindness they have taught and left behind them, it is not of this one I dare speak. Heaven help the lonely misanthrope! be kind to that multitude of sins, with so little charity to cover them.

Of Mr. Congreve's contributions to the English stock of benevolence, I do not speak; for, of any moral legacy to posterity, I doubt whether that brilliant man ever thought at all. He had some money, as I have told; every shilling of which he left to his friend the Duchess of Marlborough; a lady of great fortune and the highest fashion. He gave the gold of his brains to persons of fortune and fashion too. There is no more feeling in his comedies than in as many books of Euclid. He no more pretends to teach love for the poor, and good-will for the unfortunate, than a dancing-master does: he teaches pirouettes and flic-flacs, and how to bow to a lady, and to walk a minuet. In his private life, Congreve was immensely liked, — more so than any man of his age, almost, — and, to have been so liked, must have been kind and good-natured. His good-nature bore him through extreme bodily ills and pain with uncommon cheerfulness and courage.

Being so gay, so bright, so popular, such a grand seigneur, be sure he was kind to those about him, generous to his dependants, serviceable to his friends. Society does not like a man so long as it liked Congreve, unless he is likable: it finds out a quack very soon; it scorns a poltroon or a curmudgeon. We may be certain that this man was brave, good-tempered, and liberal. So, very likely, is Monsieur Pirouette, of whom we spoke: he cuts his capers, he grins, bows, and

dances to his fiddle. In private he may have a hundred virtues; in public he teaches dancing. His business is cotillions, not ethics.

As much may be said of those charming and lazy epicureans, Gay and Prior, — sweet lyric singers, comrades of Anacreon, and disciples of love and the bottle. “Is there any moral shut within the bosom of a rose?” sings our great Tennyson. Does a nightingale preach from a bough, or a lark from his cloud? Not knowingly; yet we may be grateful, and love larks and roses, and the flower-crowned minstrels too, who laugh and who sing.



## CHARITY AND HUMOR.

### SECOND READING.

<i>co-thur'nus</i> , a high shoe used in theatrical performances; a buskin.	rouged ( <i>roozhd</i> ), painted with rouge, a red cosmetic.
<i>Pall-Mall</i> ( <i>pel-mel'</i> ), a street in London.	<i>su-per-er'o-gā'tion</i> , performance of more than duty requires.

OF Addison's contributions to the charity of the world, I have spoken before in trying to depict that noble figure, and say now as then, that we should thank him as one of the greatest benefactors of that vast and immeasurably spreading family which speaks our common tongue. Wherever it is spoken, there is no man that does not feel and understand and use the noble English word “gentleman.” And there is no man that teaches us to be gentlemen better than Joseph Addison, — gentle in our bearing through life; gentle and

courteous to our neighbors; gentle in dealing with his follies and weaknesses; gentle in treating his opposition; deferential to the old; kindly to the poor and those below us in degree (for people above us and below us we must find, in whatever hemisphere we dwell, whether kings or presidents govern us); and in no republic or monarchy that I know of is a citizen exempt from the tax of befriending poverty and weakness, of respecting age, and of honoring his father and mother.

It has just been whispered to me, — I have not been three months in the country, and of course, can not venture to express an opinion of my own, — that, in regard to paying this latter tax of respect and honor to age, some very few of the republican youths are occasionally a little remiss. I have heard of young sons of freedom publishing their Declaration of Independence before they could well spell it, and cutting the connection between father and mother before they had learned to shave. My own time of life having been stated by various enlightened organs of public opinion at almost any figure from forty-five to sixty, I cheerfully own that I belong to the Fogy interest, and ask leave to rank in, and plead for, that respectable class.

Now, a gentleman can but be a gentleman, in Broadway or the backwoods, in Pall-Mall or California; and where and whenever he lives, thousands of miles away in the wilderness, or hundreds of years hence, I am sure that reading the writings of this true gentleman, this true Christian, this noble Joseph Addison, must do him good. He may take Sir Roger de Coverley to the diggings with him, and learn to be gentle and good-humored and urbane and friendly in the midst of

that struggle in which his life is engaged. I take leave to say that the most brilliant youth of this city may read over this delightful memorial of a bygone age, of fashions long passed away, of manners long since changed and modified, of noble gentlemen, and a great and a brilliant and polished society, and find in it much to charm and polish, to refine and instruct him,—a courteousness which can be out of place at no time and under no flag; a politeness and simplicity; a truthful manhood; a gentle respect and deference which may be kept as the unbought grace of life, and cheap defence of mankind, long after its old artificial distinctions, after periwigs and small-swords, and ruffles and red-heeled shoes, and titles and stars and garters, have passed away.

I will tell you when I have been put in mind of two of the finest gentlemen books bring us any mention of; I mean our books (not books of history, but books of humor); I will tell you when I have been put in mind of the courteous gallantry of the noble knight Sir Roger de Coverley of Coverley Manor, of the noble Hidalgo Don Quixote of La Mancha,—here in your own omnibus-carriages and railway-cars, when I have seen a woman step in, handsome or not, well-dressed or not, and a workman in hobnail shoes, or a dandy in the height of the fashion, rise up and give her his place. I think Mr. Spectator, with his short face, if he had seen such a deed of courtesy, would have smiled a sweet smile to the doer of that gentleman-like action, and have made him a low bow from under his great periwig, and have gone home and written a pretty paper about him.

I am sure Dick Steele would have hailed him, were he dandy or mechanic, and asked him to a tavern to share a bottle, or perhaps half a dozen. Mind, I do not set down the five last flasks to Dick's score for virtue, and look upon them as works of the most questionable supererogation.

Steele, as a literary benefactor to the world's charity, must rank very high indeed, not merely from his givings, which were abundant, but because his endowments are prodigiously increased in value since he bequeathed them, as the revenues of the lands bequeathed to our Foundling Hospital at London, by honest Captain Coram, its founder, are immensely enhanced by the houses since built upon them. Steele was the founder of sentimental writing in English; and how the land has been since occupied! and what hundreds of us have laid out gardens and built up tenements on Steele's ground! Before his time, readers or hearers were never called upon to cry, except at a tragedy; and compassion was not expected to express itself otherwise than in blank verse, or for personages much lower in rank than a dethroned monarch, or a widowed or a jilted empress.

He stepped off the high-heeled cothurnus, and came down into common life; he held out his great hearty arms, and embraced us all; he had a bow for all women, a kiss for all children, a shake of the hand for all men, high or low; he showed us heaven's sun shining every day on quiet homes, — not gilded palace-roofs only, or court processions, or heroic warriors fighting for princesses and pitched battles. He took away comedy from behind the fine lady's alcove, or the screen where the libertine was watching her. He ended all that wretched

business of wives jeering at their husbands; of rakes laughing wives, and husbands too, to scorn. That miserable, rouged, tawdry, sparkling, hollow-hearted comedy of the Restoration fled before him, and, like the wicked spirit in the fairy-books, shrank, as Steele let the daylight in, and shrieked and shuddered and vanished. The stage of humorists has been common life ever since Steele's and Addison's time, — the joys and griefs, the aversions and sympathies, the laughter and tears, of Nature.

And here, coming off the stage, and throwing aside the motley habit or satiric disguise in which he had before entertained you, mingling with the world, and wearing the same coat as his neighbors, the humorist's service became straightway immensely more available, his means of doing good infinitely multiplied, his success, and the esteem in which he was held, proportionately increased. It requires an effort, of which all minds are not capable, to understand Don Quixote: children and common people still read Gulliver for the story merely. Many more persons are sickened by Jonathan Wyld than can comprehend the satire of it. Each of the great men who wrote those books was speaking from behind the satiric mask I anon mentioned. Its distortions appall many simple spectators; its settled sneer or laugh is unintelligible to thousands, who have not the wit to interpret the meaning of the visored satirist preaching from within.

Many a man was at fault about Jonathan Wyld's greatness, who could feel and relish Allworthy's goodness in Tom Jones, and Dr. Harrison's in Amelia, and dear Parson Adams, and Joseph Andrews. We love to

read — we may grow ever so old, but we love to read of them still — of love and beauty, of frankness and bravery and generosity. We hate hypocrites and cowards; we long to defend oppressed innocence, and to soothe and succor gentle women and children; we are glad when vice is foiled, and rascals punished; we lend a foot to kick Blifil down stairs; and, as we attend the brave bridegroom to his wedding on the happy marriage-day, we ask the groomsman's privilege to salute the blushing cheek of Sophia.

A lax morality in many a vital point I own in Fielding; but a great hearty sympathy and benevolence, a great kindness for the poor, a great gentleness and pity for the unfortunate, a great love for the pure and good, — these are among the contributions to the charity of the world with which this erring but noble creature endowed it.

As for Goldsmith, if the youngest and most unlettered person here has not been happy with the family at Wakefield; has not rejoiced when Olivia returned, and been thankful for her forgiveness and restoration; has not laughed with delighted good humor over Moses' gross of green spectacles; has not loved with all his heart the good vicar, and that kind spirit which created these charming figures, and devised the beneficent fiction which speaks to us so tenderly, — what call is there for me to speak? In this place, and on this occasion, remembering these men, I claim from you your sympathy for the good they have done, and for the sweet charity which they have bestowed on the world.

As for the charities of Mr. Dickens, multiplied kindnesses which he has conferred upon us all, upon our



children, upon people educated and uneducated, upon the myriads here and at home who speak our common tongue,—have not you, have not I, all of us, reason to be thankful to this kind friend, who soothed and charmed so many hours; brought pleasure and sweet laughter to so many homes; made such multitudes of children happy; endowed us with such a sweet store of gracious thoughts, fair fancies, soft sympathies, hearty enjoyments? There are creations of Mr. Dickens's which seem to me to rank as personal benefits,—figures so delightful, that one feels happier and better for knowing them, as one does for being brought into the society of very good men and women. The atmosphere in which these people live is wholesome to breathe in; you feel that to be allowed to speak to them is a personal kindness; you come away better for your contact with them; your hands seem cleaner from having the privilege of shaking theirs.

Was there ever a better charity-sermon preached in the world than Dickens's "Christmas Carol"? I believe it occasioned immense hospitality throughout England; was the means of lighting up hundreds of kind fires at Christmas-time; caused a wonderful outpouring of Christmas good-feeling, of Christmas punch-brewing, an awful slaughter of Christmas turkeys, and roasting and basting of Christmas beef. As for this man's love of children, that amiable organ at the back of his honest head must be perfectly monstrous. All children ought to love him. I know two that do, and read his books ten times for once that they peruse the dismal preachments of their father. I know one, who, when she is happy, reads "Nicholas Nickleby;" when she is

unhappy, reads "Nicholas Nickleby;" when she is in bed, reads "Nicholas Nickleby;" when she has nothing to do, reads "Nicholas Nickleby;" and when she has finished the book, reads "Nicholas Nickleby" over again. This candid young critic, at ten years of age, said, "I like Mr. Dickens's books much better than your books, papa;" and frequently expressed her desire that the latter author should write a book like one of Mr. Dickens's books. Who can? Every man must say his own thoughts in his own voice, in his own way: lucky is he who has such a charming gift of Nature as this, which brings all the children in the world trooping to him, and being fond of him!

I remember when that famous "Nicholas Nickleby" came out, seeing a letter from a pedagogue in the North of England, which, dismal as it was, was immensely comical. "Mr. Dickens's ill-advised publication," wrote the poor schoolmaster, "has passed like a whirlwind over the schools of the North." He was a proprietor of a cheap school: Dotheboys Hall was a cheap school. There are many such establishments in the northern counties. Parents were ashamed, that never were ashamed before, until the kind satirist laughed at them; relatives were frightened; scores of little scholars were taken away; poor schoolmasters had to shut their shops up; every pedagogue was voted a Squeers (and many suffered, no doubt, unjustly): but afterwards school-boys' backs were not so much caned; school-boys' meat was less tough, and more plentiful; and school-boys' milk was not so sky-blue. What a kind light of benevolence it is that plays round Crummles and the Phenomenon, and all those poor theater-people,

in that charming book! What a humor! and what a good humor! I coincide with the youthful critic whose opinion has just been mentioned, and own to a family admiration for "Nicholas Nickleby."

One might go on, though the task would be endless and needless, chronicling the names of kind folks with whom this kind genius has made us familiar. Who does not love the Marchioness and Mr. Richard Swiveller? Who does not sympathize, not only with Oliver Twist, but his admirable young friend the Artful Dodger? Who has not the inestimable advantage of possessing a Mrs. Nickleby in his own family? Who does not bless Sairey Gamp, and wonder at Mrs. Harris? Who does not venerate the chief of that illustrious family, who, being stricken by misfortune, wisely and greatly turned his attention to "coals,"—the accomplished, the epicurean, the dirty, the delightful Micawber?

I may quarrel with Mr. Dickens's art a thousand and a thousand times: I delight and wonder at his genius; I recognize in it—I speak with awe and reverence—a commission from that Divine Beneficence, whose blessed task we know it will one day be to wipe every tear from every eye. Thankfully I take my share of the feast of love and kindness which this gentle and generous and charitable soul has contributed to the happiness of the world. I take and enjoy my share, and say a benediction for the meal.



NIL NISI BONUM.<sup>1</sup>

## FIRST READING.

*callous*, hardened, insensible.  
*ob-se'qui-ous*, servile.

*pa'ter pa'tri-æ*, father of his country.  
*vir'u-lence*, extreme bitterness.

ALMOST the last words which Sir Walter spoke to Lockhart, his biographer, were, "Be a good man, my dear!" and with the last flicker of breath on his dying lips, he sighed a farewell to his family, and passed away blessing them.

Two men, famous, admired, beloved, have just left us, the Goldsmith and the Gibbon of our time.<sup>2</sup> Ere a few weeks are over, many a critic's pen will be at work, reviewing their lives and passing judgment on their works. This is no review, or history, or criticism: only a word in testimony of respect and regard from a man of letters, who owes to his own professional labor the honor of becoming acquainted with these two eminent literary men.

One was the first ambassador whom the New World of Letters sent to the Old. He was born almost with the republic; the *pater patriæ* had laid his hand on the child's head. He bore Washington's name: he came amongst us bringing the kindest sympathy, the most artless, smiling good-will. His new country (which some people here might be disposed to regard rather

<sup>1</sup> An abbreviation of *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*, "Concerning the dead nought save good (should be spoken)."

<sup>2</sup> Washington Irving died Nov. 28, 1859; Lord Macaulay died Dec. 28, 1859.

superciliously) could send us, as he showed in his own person, a gentleman, who, though himself born in no very high sphere, was most finished, polished, easy, witty, quiet; and, socially, the equal of the most refined Europeans. If Irving's welcome in England was a kind one, was it not also gratefully remembered? If he ate our salt, did he not pay us with a thankful heart? Who can calculate the amount of friendliness and good feeling for our country which this writer's generous and untiring regard for us disseminated in his own? His books are read by millions of his countrymen, whom he has taught to love England, and why to love her. It would have been easy to speak otherwise than he did: to inflame national rancors, which, at the time when he first became known as a public writer, war had just renewed: to cry down the old civilization at the expense of the new: to point out our faults, arrogance, shortcomings, and give the republic to infer how much she was the parent state's superior.

There are writers enough in the United States, honest and otherwise, who preach that kind of doctrine. But the good Irving, the peaceful, the friendly, had no place for bitterness in his heart, and no scheme but kindness. Received in England with extraordinary tenderness and friendship (Scott, Southey, Byron, a hundred others, have borne witness to their liking for him), he was a messenger of good-will and peace between his country and ours. "See, friends!" he seems to say, "these English are not so wicked, rapacious, callous, proud, as you have been taught to believe them. I went amongst them a humble man; won my way by my pen; and, when known, found every hand held out

to me with kindness and welcome. Scott is a great man, you acknowledge. Did not Scott's King of England give a gold medal to him, and another to me, your countryman, and a stranger?"

Tradition in the United States still fondly retains the history of the feasts and rejoicings which awaited Irving on his return to his native country from Europe. He had a national welcome; he stammered in his speeches, hid himself in confusion, and the people loved him all the better. He had worthily represented America in Europe. In that young community a man who brings home with him abundant European testimonials is still treated with respect (I have found American writers, of wide-world reputation, strangely solicitous about the opinions of quite obscure British critics, and elated or depressed by their judgments); and Irving went home medaled by the King, diplomated by the University, crowned and honored and admired. He had not in any way intrigued for his honors, he had fairly won them; and, in Irving's instance, as in others, the old country was glad and eager to pay them.

In America the love and regard for Irving was a national sentiment. Party wars are perpetually raging there, and are carried on by the press with a rancor and fierceness against individuals which exceed British, almost Irish, virulence. It seemed to me, during a year's travel in the country, as if no one ever aimed a blow at Irving. All men held their hands from that harmless, friendly peacemaker. I had the good fortune to see him at New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, and remarked how in every place he was honored and welcome. Every large city has its "Irving

House." The country takes pride in the fame of its men of letters. The gate of his own charming little domain on the beautiful Hudson River was for ever swinging before visitors who came to him. He shut out no one. I had seen many pictures of his house, and read descriptions of it, in both of which it was treated with a not unusual American exaggeration. It was but a pretty little cabin of a place; the gentleman of the press who took notes of the place, whilst his kind old host was sleeping, might have visited the whole house in a couple of minutes.

And how came it that this house was so small, when Mr. Irving's books were sold by hundreds of thousands, nay millions, when his profits were known to be large, and the habits of life of the good old bachelor were notoriously modest and simple? He had loved once in his life. The lady he loved died; and he, whom all the world loved, never sought to replace her. I can't say how much the thought of that fidelity has touched me. Does not the very cheerfulness of his after-life add to the pathos of that untold story? To grieve always was not in his nature; or, when he had his sorrow, to bring all the world in to condole with him and bemoan it. Deep and quiet he lays the love of his heart, and buries it; and grass and flowers grow over the scarred ground in due time.

Irving had such a small house and such narrow rooms, because there was a great number of people to occupy them. He could only afford to keep one old horse (which, lazy and aged as it was, managed once or twice to run away with that careless old horseman). He could only afford to give plain sherry to that amia-

ble British paragraph-monger from New York, who saw the patriarch asleep over his modest, blameless cup, and fetched the public into his private chamber to look at him. Irving could only live very modestly, because the wifeless, childless man had a number of children to whom he was as a father. He had as many as nine nieces, I am told,—I saw two of these ladies at his house,—with all of whom the dear old man had shared the produce of his labor and genius.

*“Be a good man, my dear.”* One can’t but think of these last words of the veteran Chief of Letters, who had tasted and tested the value of worldly success, admiration, prosperity. Was Irving not good, and of his works was not his life the best part? In his family, gentle, generous, good-humored, affectionate, self-denying; in society, a delightful example of complete gentlemanhood; quite unspoiled by prosperity; never obsequious to the great (or, worse still, to the base and mean, as some public men are forced to be in his and other countries); eager to acknowledge every contemporary’s merit; always kind and affable to the young members of his calling; in his professional bargains and mercantile dealings, delicately honest and grateful; one of the most charming masters of our lighter language; the constant friend to us and our nation; to men of letters doubly dear, not for his wit and genius merely, but as an exemplar of goodness, probity, and pure life,—I don’t know what sort of testimonial will be raised to him in his own country, where generous and enthusiastic acknowledgment of American merit is never wanting; but Irving was in our service as well as theirs; and as they have placed a



stone at Greenwich yonder in memory of that gallant young Bellot, who shared the perils and fate of some of our Arctic seamen, I would like to hear of some memorial raised by English writers and friends of letters in affectionate remembrance of the dear and good Washington Irving.



### NIL NISI BONUM.

#### SECOND READING.

*laus De'o*, praise to God.  
*nonce*, the present.

*post'hu-mous*, continuing after one's  
decease.

As for the other writer, whose departure many friends, some few most dearly-loved relatives, and multitudes of admiring readers deplore, our republic has already decreed his statue, and he must have known that he had earned this posthumous honor. He is not a poet and man of letters merely, but citizen, statesman, a great British worthy. Almost from the first moment when he appears amongst boys, amongst college students, amongst men, he is marked, and takes rank as a great Englishman. All sorts of successes are easy to him: as a lad he goes down into the arena with others, and wins all the prizes to which he has a mind. A place in the senate is straightway offered to the young man. He takes his seat there; he speaks, when so minded, without party anger or intrigue, but not without party faith and a sort of heroic enthusiasm for his cause. Still he is poet and philosopher even more than orator. That he may have leisure and means to pursue his darling

studies, he absents himself for awhile, and accepts a richly-remunerative post in the East. As learned a man may live in a cottage or a college common-room; but it always seemed to me that ample means and recognized rank were Macaulay's as of right. Years ago there was a wretched outcry raised because Mr. Macaulay dated a letter from Windsor Castle, where he was staying. Immortal gods! Was this man not a fit guest for any palace in the world? or a fit companion for any man or woman in it? I dare say, after Austerlitz, the old K.K. court officials and footmen sneered at Napoleon for dating from Schönbrunn. But that miserable "Windsor Castle" outcry is an echo out of fast-retreating old world remembrances. The place of such a natural chief was amongst the first in the land; and that country is best, according to our British notion at least, where the man of eminence has the best chance of investing his genius and intellect.

If a company of giants were got together, very likely one or two of the mere six-feet-six people might be angry at the incontestable superiority of the very tallest of the party; and so I have heard some London wits, rather peevish at Macaulay's superiority, complain that he occupied too much of the talk, and so forth. Now that wonderful tongue is to speak no more, will not many a man grieve that he no longer has the chance to listen? To remember the talk is to wonder: to think not only of the treasures he had in his memory, but of the trifles he had stored there, and could produce with equal readiness. Almost on the last day I had the fortune to see him, a conversation happened suddenly to spring up about senior wranglers, and what they had

done in after-life. To the almost terror of the persons present, Macaulay began with the senior wrangler of 1801-2-3-4, and so on, giving the name of each, and relating his subsequent career and rise. Every man who has known him has his story regarding that astonishing memory. It may be that he was not ill pleased that you should recognize it; but to those prodigious intellectual feats, which were so easy to him, who would grudge his tribute of homage? His talk was, in a word, admirable, and we admired it.

With regard to Macaulay's style there may be faults of course—what critic can't point them out? But for the nonce we are not talking about faults: we want to say *nil nisi bonum*. Well—take at hazard any three pages of the "Essays" or "History;" and, glimmering below the stream of the narrative, as it were, you, an average reader, see one, two, three, a half-score of allusions to other historic facts, characters, literature, poetry, with which you are acquainted. Why is this epithet used? Whence is that simile drawn? How does he manage, in two or three words, to paint an individual, or to indicate a landscape? Your neighbor, who has *his* reading, and his little stock of literature stowed away in his mind, shall detect more points, allusions, happy touches, indicating not only the prodigious memory and vast learning of this master, but the wonderful industry, the honest, humble, previous toil, of this great scholar. He reads twenty books to write a sentence; he travels a hundred miles to make a line of description.

Many Londoners—not all—have seen the British Museum Library. I speak open-heartedly, and pray

the kindly reader to bear with me. I have seen all sorts of domes of Peters and Pauls, Sophia, Pantheon, — what not? — and have been struck by none of them so much as by that catholic dome in Bloomsbury, under which our million volumes are housed. What peace, what love, what truth, what beauty, what happiness for all, what generous kindness for you and for me, are here spread out! It seems to me, one can not sit down in that place without a heart full of grateful reverence. I own to have said my grace at the table, and to have thanked Heaven for this my English birthright, freely to partake of these bountiful books, and to speak the truth I find there. Under the dome which held Macaulay's brain, and from which his solemn eyes looked out on the world but a fortnight since, what a vast, brilliant, and wonderful store of learning was ranged! What strange lore would he not fetch for you at your bidding! A volume of law or history, a book of poetry familiar or forgotten (except by himself who forgot nothing), a novel ever so old, and he had it at hand.

I spoke to him once about "Clarissa." "Not read 'Clarissa!'" he cried out. "If you have once thoroughly entered on 'Clarissa,' and are infected by it, you can't leave it. When I was in India I passed one hot season at the hills, and there were the Governor-General and the Secretary of Government, and the Commander-in-Chief, and their wives. I had 'Clarissa' with me; and as soon as they began to read, the whole station was in a passion of excitement about Miss Harlowe and her misfortunes, and her scoundrelly Lovelace. The Governor's wife seized the book, and the Secretary waited for it, and the Chief Justice could not read it for tears!"

He acted the whole scene ; he paced up and down the "Athenæum" library : I dare say he could have spoken pages of the book — of that book, and of what countless piles of others !

In this little paper let us keep to the text of *nil nisi bonum*. One paper I have read regarding Lord Macaulay says "he had no heart." Why, a man's books may not always speak the truth, but they speak his mind in spite of himself ; and it seems to me this man's heart is beating through every page he penned. He is always in a storm of revolt and indignation against wrong, craft, tyranny. How he cheers heroic resistance ; how he backs and applauds freedom struggling for its own ; how he hates scoundrels, ever so victorious and successful ; how he recognizes genius, though selfish villains possess it ! The critic who says Macaulay had no heart might say that Johnson had none ; and two men more generous, and more loving, and more hating, and more partial, and more noble, do not live in our history. Those who knew Lord Macaulay knew how admirably tender and generous and affectionate he was. It was not his business to bring his family before the theater-footlights, and call for bouquets from the gallery as he wept over them.

If any young man of letters reads this little sermon, — and to him, indeed, it is addressed, — I would say to him, "Bear Scott's words in your mind, and '*be good, my dear.*'" Here are two literary men gone to their account, and, *laus Deo*, as far as we know, it is fair, and open, and clean. Here is no need of apologies for shortcomings, or explanations of vices which would have been virtues but for unavoidable, &c. Here are two

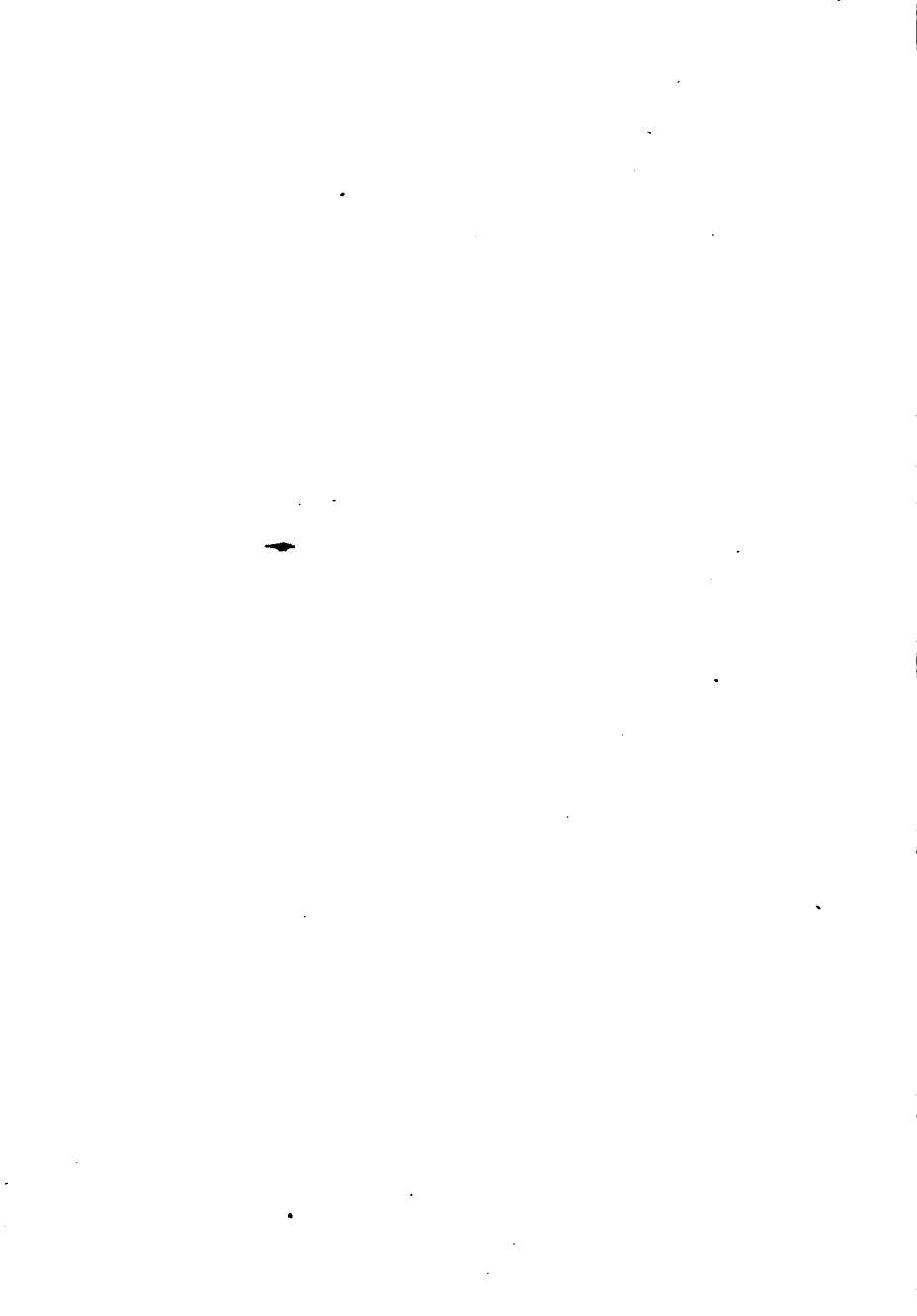
examples of men most differently gifted : each pursuing his calling ; each speaking his truth as God bade him ; each honest in his life ; just and irreproachable in his dealings ; dear to his friends ; honored by his country ; beloved of his fireside. It has been the fortunate lot of both to give incalculable happiness and delight to the world, which thanks them in return with an immense kindness, respect, affection. It may not be our chance, brother scribe, to be endowed with such merit, or rewarded with such fame. But the rewards of these men are rewards paid to *our service*. We may not win the bâton or epaulets ; but God give us strength to guard the honor of the flag !















YB 36844

M69871

894  
S979  
S  
V.6

EDUC.  
DEPT.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

